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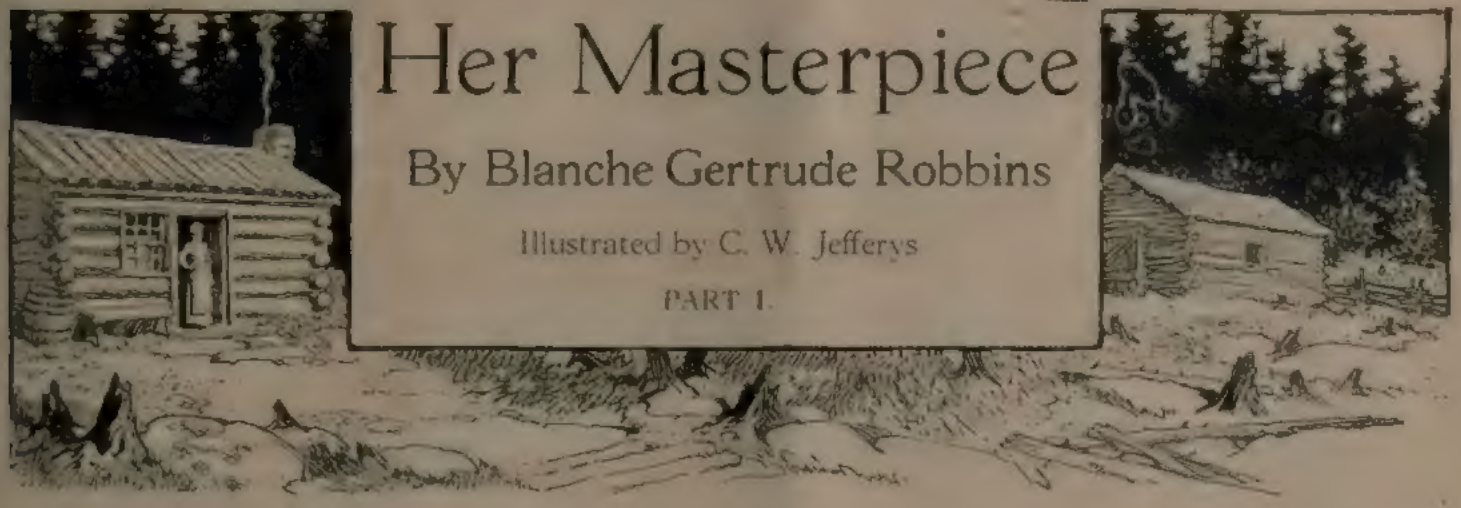

Her Masterpiece

By Blanche Gertrude Robbins

Illustrated by C. W. Jefferys

PART 1.

GAY chatter and the laughter of contentment: the crackling logs of the fireplace, the clatter of tea things and the sprite Genius lurking in the background provoked enchantment in the atmosphere of the Clifford drawing-room.

Paul Martin the critic, rose reluctantly from his seat within the firelight, a smile of homage in his farewell to Helena Clifford.

"Dear Lady, will you permit me another look at the new picture?" he requested.

With flushed cheeks Helena pushed aside the hangings of old rose and led the way into the studio. Switching on the lights, she stood by the side of the critic, studying the picture, into which she had worked the vision of her soul.

So realistic was the ragged urchin with the keen winds piercing the tattered clothing, that Paul Martin involuntarily shivered. One of the boy's blue hands clutched the evening papers; the other held close to his heart a stray pomeranian, the tattered coat hugged protectingly about the little dog. Many a pitying glance fell from the richly garbed men and women, hurrying past the bleak corner. But none paused to offer the newsboy protection, such as he had given the stray dog.

"Pity!" exclaimed Paul Martin, a mist clouding his eyes, "Madame, you have made me want to cry; you have aroused a sense of pity. It is a wonderful genius that you possess—this idealizing of the commonplace and arousing the emotions—yet you are not content; you are yet to paint your masterpiece. Is it not so?"

Helena Clifford nodded her head, her quick breathing testifying to her appreciation of the critic's tribute. Silently she led the way from the studio, following the group of callers to the corridor.

Paul Martin, the critic, had divined her secret ambition to paint a masterpiece. She had aroused a sense of pity for the newsboy waif. But she hungered to arouse the compassion of the worldly-wise folk of the drawing rooms for some great cause brought to light.

AS she re-entered the drawing room, her husband rose from the deep leather arm chair, drawn near the blazing logs. Beckoning to her, he readjusted the chair.

"Helena, the afternoon has been exciting for you. Rest here and I will ring for tea. You were so occupied with your guests, you ate nothing yourself."

"Thanks Robert!" Helena murmured, dropping into the deep chair, her dainty satin pumps resting on the fender.

How deliciously relaxing was the congenial atmosphere of this hotel of luxurious suites. No household cares nor domestic worries to trouble her and Robert *so* devoted. Certainly she was well protected and oh, so wondrously contented with life.

She leaned forward, brushing aside her taffeta skirt, and picked up the magazine that had dropped to the floor.

"An out door magazine," she mused, idly scanning the pages, opened to the article Robert had been reading.

"Edmund Keith, 'A Blazer of Trails.'" Helena Clifford laughed softly. Trail blazing and the making of new country had ever been a hobby with her husband. Strange, that with his cultured rearing, the inherited fortune and fabulous dividends from his investments, that rugged, unbroken forest country should possess a fascination for him.

Once, when they were first married, Robert had suggested that they go forth on a pilgrimage to the Northern Wilds, where he could blaze a trail, make a clearing and build a retreat for the girl-wife. But Helena had rebelled, arguing with passionate outburst for the development of her art.

She had conquered and with the worship which underlied his devotion to her, Robert Clifford had gone forth with her in quest of masters and studies.

Steps sounded in the corridor and Helena roused from her reverie. The door opened and Robert, preceding the maid, bearing the tray, moved the tea table nearer the fireplace and taking the tray in his own hands, set it down within Helena's reach.

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"Robert, it has come to me, the great inspiration for my masterpiece"

"Sorry to have kept you waiting. No, thanks, I had a cup of tea with your guests," he declined, taking from her outstretched hand the magazine.

As he settled himself to a perusal of the article which so deeply interested him, Helena, sipping her tea, turned her eyes quizzically upon the man.

ROBERT CLIFFORD fitted into her life as wealth and social activities had done. She could scarcely comprehend life without him, for she was dependent upon him for attention appreciation and devotion—cravings of her daily life.

Still if her husband were taken from her, the void could not compare to the vacuum should her art be blotted out from her existence. She realized that her being never thrilled to his touch, nor his endearing sentiment, that so pleased her vanity, as to the appreciation of some art critic.

She wondered that he had never tired of her and the artistic atmosphere which had so little appeal to him, but she knew that he worshiped her genius and that her enthusiasm, which was her greatest charm, was ever alluring to him.

She had given him but little in return for all his devotion until now when fame was rapping at her studio door. Yes, he would walk with her in the glory of her success.

She watched him intently, noting the tall, well proportioned figure, excepting the shoulders, which should have broadened.

He was good to look upon as men of the drawing room type go. But there was something lacking—perhaps a sense of mastery. Oftentimes she was conscious of a listlessness and disinterestedness about him, that irritated her. She liked enthusiasm, fire and pulsing, throbbing interest.

Suppose he had followed the crazy impulse of his youth, ten years earlier, and become a blazer of trails. What would her life be now? Doubtless her genius would have died naturally. Home cares and perhaps children would have fettered her. Robert was fond of children and had openly regretted that their home was childless. He had argued that he would have been capable of rearing and disciplining these boys and girls while Helena devoted herself to her art.

But again Helena had rebelled against family cares. Her life must be a supreme sacrifice to the development of the God-given talent. She would give of the creations of her soul to the world. Nothing must creep into her life that would flag her interest or hinder her progress.

Suppose she had yielded to Robert's ambitions? She could readily picture herself in that cheerless, pictureless log cabin home of the clearing. She could see her bent, dejected figure standing in the doorway, her face expressionless, her eyes, dull, looking out over the great expanse of unbroken forest.

What a contrast, when compared to the luxuriously aesthetic environment of this suite!

SUDDENLY the blood rushed hot into her cheeks. Tense, with pulses throbbing, she sat, staring wide eyed into the depths of the dying fire. Her fingers groped restlessly, rolling back the collar of her filmy crepe blouse, as if her sharp breathing demanded more air.

Springing to her feet, she thrust aside the tea table, holding out her arms entreatingly, cried tremulously:

"Robert—oh, Robert, it has come to me—the great inspiration for my masterpiece. But I must see it in reality. I must paint from the natural. Can you take me there—to the great unbroken forest, with here and there a clearing and the log cabin homes. Oh, far, far from town or city and civilization where just the trails lead through the forest! Can you take me there?"

The magazine dropped from the man's hand. Like one stunned, he sat listening to the breathless appeal of his wife. The magnetism of her glowing black eyes held him entranced.

She waited, her body tremulous with excitement; then suddenly as though her spirit of enthusiasm had kindled a flaming spirit within him, he rose and paced the floor restlessly.

Coming back to the fire, he stood looking down at the girl-wife, his eyes

gleaming as Helena had never before seen them. He cleared his throat of its huskiness, then with a curious laugh exclaimed:

"Take you there—little woman—I know the trail that leads to the unbroken forest as though I had already traversed it many times. We will leave the city to-morrow. We will pack light and order camping outfits to-night. I am glad, glad that you have found your inspiration for your masterpiece in the great unbroken forests. I will go now and make ready."

Even as he spoke, Robert Clifford moved eagerly toward the door, intent upon consulting his precious horde of wilderness lore.

As he passed her, Helena started, fascinated by the light kindled in his eyes. She had never before noted how deep set they were, nor had she dreamed of their lustre.

Standing within the soft glow of the dying embers, she fell to musing on the journey that lay before her. True, the trail would be rough and she would be subjected to privation and peril. But the vision of her masterpiece—luring, to the creative impulse of her soul, cried out for execution. Her skill should depict the dream picture so vividly that the hearts of the worldly-wise women would throb with pity for the woman of the log-cabin home.

FOUR days later, at the noon hour, Helen and Robert Clifford left the railway of a North Western route. Two horses awaited them and traveling light, they mounted and rode out over the Northern roads leading to the forest trails.

The man rode ahead, spirit in his bearing. Often he would have dashed along recklessly, eager to explore the trail which they struck early in the afternoon; but the woman, riding slowly over the rough ground, held him back.

Helena Clifford caught the unconscious air of impatience, as Robert turned often to watch her progress. Horseback riding along the uneven ground of the trail differed so vastly from the city park, to which she had been accustomed. She wearied and her aching muscles cried out for rest.

But the man, riding so gloriously, not a sign of fatigue in his alert carriage, urged her on. Before her loomed the vision of her masterpiece and she too was eager to press on to the end of the trail.

Again Robert Clifford turned, and with an exclamation of dismay, drew a halting line and sprang from the saddle.

"Heavens! Helena, why didn't you call out? You are fairly dropping from your horse. Let us rest here." With his accustomed tenderness, he lifted her from the saddle. Tremblingly she dropped to the brown earth and stretched out her cramped limbs.

"I didn't want to give in, Robert," she declared stoutly, "for I would ride on and on to the end; but the change of position is good. Shall we lunch here?"

"Yes—plucky one," laughed the man, "I'll start supper while you rest."

He quickly unstrapped the camping kit from his horse's back and gathering a few rocks built a crude fireplace. Deftly he kindled a blaze with dry twigs and bark.

Helena, relaxed on the blanket Robert had spread on the ground, watched his movements curiously. She wondered that he knew so well what to do. Doubtless while she had been deeply engrossed with her art, Robert had studied the ways of the trail.

The odor of coffee aroused her and she moved forward with eagerness to take the steaming cup from the man's hand. With a gay little laugh she raised the granite cup to her lips, that had known only delicacy before and

"I'd rather be the man who first forged this trail—the man who opened up this glorious country, than the man who, out of his millions, has given libraries and museums to the metropolis," Robert exclaimed

found the taste of the drink was good.

"Hello, it's getting dusk. I clean forgot darkness sets down on the bush so early!" exclaimed Robert in dismay, packing the camp-kit in haste.

Helena sprang to her feet, rolled the blanket and mounted her horse.

"The cabin, that the man at the station said would be glad to shelter us for the night, can't be far away," muttered Robert, springing to his saddle.

They rode on, urging speed, but dusk fell rapidly. The trail grew indistinct. Somehow the man had miscalculated the distance for they should have discovered the log cabin by this time.

They plunged on, relying upon their horses' sense of the trails, Robert calling back assurance to Helena.

She rested confidently in his ability to protect her even though they had lost their way. Suddenly she laughed aloud, thinking of the man she knew in the drawing room of the hotel suite. There his devotion had no other meaning than to please. To-night, she was experiencing protection.

Further along the trail sounded the thud of horse's hoofs. Robert called a halt and they strained their ears, listening eagerly.

"Hello! hello!" called the man.

Then along the trail came the answering call, "hello," accompanied by the reckless dash of hoofs.

A LIGHT flashed out and a boyish figure in the King's khaki drew a light line in their path.

"Pardon me for not getting down," he exclaimed, "but this 'peg' leg of mine is a bit awkward. You are strangers to the trail?"

"Yes," responded Robert Clifford, slipping from his saddle and explaining the situation.

"You sure did miss the cabin. Why, man alive, you're off the main trail. This side line leads off two miles back. It's treacherous riding in the dark unless you're born to it, like myself. Turn your horses and I'll lead the way," directed the youth, crashing through the underbrush, in an effort to pass the strangers.

In silence the three rode on until they made the turn at the main trail. A little further along, they caught a glimmer of lights shining from the cabin windows.

As they drew near the lad called out, "Hello—hel-lo-ho, there, Uncle Billy!"

The door of the cabin swung open and the bent form of a white haired man came hobbling from the doorway.

"Andy! Bless me ole heart, Andy back from Flanders! Boy, an' yer sure 'tain't yer ghost, an' yer whole. Many's the night I've dreampt the Huns got ye," the old man's quavering voice rang out in greeting.

"No, it's the old Andy—minus a leg," assured the youth. "Perhaps you'll give me a helping hand. This 'peg' leg of mine isn't as nimble as the old trail breaker. I've got company along with me—strangers to the trail. Room for them to bunk in the cabin to-night?"

"Aye, aye," muttered the old man, as with gentleness and reverence he held out a helping hand and the youth slipped from his saddle.

Why I Like My Part of Canada

HER MASTERPIECE PAINTS A VIVID PICTURE OF ONE MOTHER'S REASONS FOR LIKING HER PART OF CANADA BEST.

THIS GREAT STORY SUGGESTS THAT PERHAPS SOME OTHER PORTION OF THIS GREAT DOMINION IS EVERY BIT AS DEAR TO SOME OTHER MOTHER OR FATHER OR SON OR DAUGHTER AS THE GREAT WEST IS TO THIS PIONEER MOTHER.

HENCE THE ANNOUNCEMENT ON PAGE 77 OF THIS ISSUE. READ BLANCHE GERTRUDE ROBBINS' GREAT STORY ***HER MASTERPIECE*** AND THEN THE ANNOUNCEMENT ON PAGE 77. WE WANT TO KNOW WHAT YOU HAVE TO SAY FOR YOUR PART OF CANADA.

The light from the cabin flamed through the open door and Helena caught a glimpse of a slender, youthful figure and a face, pale and careworn. But the eyes with their indomitable courage revealed the unbroken spirit of youth.

With a perceptible limp, he moved toward her, questioning, "Did you, lady, get a scare, when you lost the trail back there?"

A smile crossed Helena's face as she shook her head and with a new thrill of tenderness gripping her, she answered steadily:

"I was not frightened for my husband was with me."

The old man led the way to the cabin as Andrew and Robert stabled their horses in the shed. He welcomed Helena to the shelter of his rough home and bade her partake of its hospitality.

"Bless yer swate face, 'tain't many sich brightens the trail. I've had my day at breakin' country an' now I wait by the side of the road, jest to keep fire burnin' fer travelers," he explained. "It's the younger generation, like Andy here, who does the trail blazin' now. Born to it—he was, but he would be up and off to fight first call for volunteers. Now he's come home minus a leg, makin' fer his folks to the end o' the trail."

Robert and Andrew coming into the cabin interrupted Uncle Billy. Robert, with characteristic devotion, insisted that Helena seek immediate rest in the little bedroom off the kitchen.

Still dressed in her khaki flannel outing suit, she rolled herself in a blanket and climbed into one of the narrow bunks. Drowsy, she lay there listening to the voices of the men talking in the outer room, until her tired body relaxing, she fell into a deep sleep.

Dawn was just breaking, when Robert's touch awakened her.

"Heartless I know, little woman, to disturb you at this unearthly hour. But Andre's riding to the end of the trail and we're welcome to ride along with him. And if he's in the lead, we're not likely to miss the trail again."

Helena sat up in the bunk, conscious of a horrible stiffness and fiercely aching muscles. The temptation to lie back and rest was strong, but even as she wavered, she caught the sparkle of eagerness in Robert's eyes. The trail was calling to him to hurry along. At the end of the trail, she would find her dream-picture. Stimulating to her courage, the vision flashed before her. Smilingly she answered,

"I shall hurry."

An odor of coffee and bacon wafted to her, through the cracks of the partition as Helena prepared for a continuance of the journey.

It was a simple, yet wholesome breakfast crudely served by Uncle Billy, that awaited her. And for the moment the daintiness of Helena's appetite rebelled. But Robert had "fallen to" in a hearty partaking of the food.

"We must fortify ourselves against the day's ride," he remarked suggestively and Helena, sitting down by the oil cloth covered table, also ate heartily of the bacon and corn bread.

Uncle Billy brought their horses to the trail and as they mounted, thanking him for his generous hospitality, Andrew came dashing from the bush.

AS the three rode down the trail, the rising sun penetrated the dense bush with glimmers of light. They made a business of riding. Andrew, in the lead, a guide of surety, Robert, following close behind, energy in every

Continued on page 88.

Internationalism in North America

By Dr. Hugh Pedley

Illustrated from Photographs

IT IS an interesting exercise to take the continents one by one and see how they stand in regard to the complexity of their own internal international situation. Going from the worst to the best, from the most perplexing situation to the least the order would perhaps be Europe, Asia, Africa, South America, North America and Australia.

In Europe there are about twenty different nations with their own separate flags, their own idiosyncracies of race, language, tradition and custom. There are countless leagues of boundary line on either side of which are peoples jealous of each other, and in a constant state of excitement and unsettlement through fear or desire of war. This continent is the most civilized and at the same time the most belligerent of all the sisterhood of continents. At the present moment it is the scene of a conflict beside which all past wars have been but a burning wood-pile compared with a North Ontario forest fire.

In Asia there are about fourteen different national units. The relations of these, the one to the other, have been much more settled and placid. In such countries as China, India and Persia, the quiet arresting hand of antiquity is at work settling the mind, calming the passions. True there have been disturbances and wars. The Chinese wall is a reminder of fierce invasions. India bears the scars of ancient strife. Within our own generation we have seen wars amid the summits of the Himalayas, and in the Sea of Japan. At the present moment the war of nations is thrusting its tongue of fire into the Asiatic territory. But on the whole the past has been comparatively peaceful.

In Africa, we have the spectacle of seven non-Africa powers, Britain, France, Spain, Italy, Germany, Portugal and Belgium, all laying claim to parts of the territory. There is a transference of the European situation to African soil. Upon the primeval contests of tribe with tribe is superimposed the quarrel between the great civilized nations. The flags that defy each other across the Hindenburg line in France are also challenging each other in the wilds of the Dark Continent. It is not without significance that the American writer, Herbert Adams Gibbon, should have written as a companion to his book, "The New Map of Europe," that later volume, "The New Map of Africa."

In South America there are twelve different countries. Their national problems are more prominent than their international. Internal upsprings are more common than external irritations. This may possibly be due to the fact that all the countries are republican in their type of government and therefore less likely to lend themselves to centralized aggression.

In North America there are, apart from the small states which belong rather to Central America, four different flags, that of Mexico, that of the United States, that of Canada and that of Denmark in Greenland. The outstanding fact, however, is that the destiny of by far the greater portion of the continent is in the hands of the two countries—the United States and Canada.

The last and most fortunate of the great continents is Australia. There we find but one flag. There is no internationalism within those bounds, simply because for that you must have at least two nations, and in this case there is only one.

North America, then, with one exception, is the most highly favored of all the continents in that it is so splendidly free from the intricate diplomacies and irritating problems which are apt to arise where there are many nations contiguous to one another. We are almost the antipodes of Europe in that we have for all practical purposes two peoples instead of twenty. And not only are the distinct nations limited to two, but these two have very much in common.

They have a common language. Outside certain sections of the Province of Quebec a traveller speaking the English language only could be understood from Labrador to the Gulf of California and from Alaska to the southernmost point of Florida. Throughout the length and breadth of a continent containing one hundred millions of people in nine cases out of ten the English language alone would suffice as a means of intercommunication, a passport to the minds of his fellowmen. With the one exception already indicated, Australia, there is no other continent of which it can be said that in regard to language there is one key that would open all the doors. This is in itself an immense advantage. Language is, as we all know, one of the mightiest factors in determining the course of national and international affairs.

These two North American countries have a common religion. That religion is the Christian religion. The only distinctly religious organization that really counts is the Christian Church. It is true that there are divisions, but these divisions are virtually the same in both countries. There is no broad line of division between the Church of Canada and that of

Truly This Prediction of Mr. Balfour Back in 1896 Has Been Fulfilled:

It cannot but be true that those whose national roots go down to the same past as ours, who share our language, our literature, our laws, our religion, everything that makes a nation great—it can not be but that a time will come when they will feel that we and they have a common duty to perform, a common office to fulfil, among the nations of the world.

French and British War Commissioners at the Home of Washington

In this group on the lawn of the old Washington homestead at Mount Vernon in the front row from left to right are: Admiral Chocheprat, of the French Navy; Josephus Daniels, Secretary of the U. S. Navy; Marshal Joffre; Rene Viviani, head of the French Commission; Secretary Lansing; Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, head of the British Commission; Sir George Foster, Minister of Trade and Commerce, Canada; Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, British Ambassador; Lieu.-Gen. C. T. M. Bridges, of the British Commission and Marquis de Chambrun, a descendant of Lafayette

the United States. Religion instead of causing division between the two countries is really one of the uniting factors. There is a constant interchange of ideas, a constant flow of fellowship between religious organizations whether denominational, or of a more general type.

Again, the two peoples have a common political ideal. There are diversities of administration. The President of the United States has not precisely the same function as the British King. The American Congress is not exactly similar to the Canadian Parliament. We do not appoint our judges in the same way. But underneath these diversities there is the same ruling idea, that Government is ultimately in the hands of the people.

These are the factors that make for a good understanding between the two countries. They have been at work for a long time. There has always been the common religion. There has been for at least one hundred and fifty years the common language. There has been for nearly one hundred years the common political ideal. These forces are not insignificant. They are mighty. They are not obtrusive. They make no great commotion. They are symbolized not by earthquake, fire or wind, but by a still small voice, or the quiet energies of the spring time. They are constantly at work, day and night, year after year. They are the essential guarantee of a peace on this continent that may be strained but not broken.

Turning from these uniting peace-making factors let us look at some of the possible causes of friction between countries situated as these are.

In the first place, there is the question of boundary lines. What possibilities of trouble exist in this sphere we can learn from even a casual glance at the world's history. In Europe at the present time we see the evil consequences of boundary lines unsatisfactorily adjusted. There is such a line between Germany and France, between Austria and Russia, between Serbia and Bulgaria, between Italy and Austria, and in every case this line is like a sore and fretted skin liable at any moment to break out in fierce and foul eruption. That eruption is now going on and the whole world is suffering from the venom and the inflammation.

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French, U. S. and British Flags flying from the State, War and Navy Buildings, Washington

How has it been on this North American continent? Up to the time of the American Revolution the conflict was between the English and the French. In that case it was not boundaries but trade that furnished the main cause of friction. Afterwards the boundary line came into prominence. In 1759 the French rule gave place to the British, which became supreme from the Arctic regions to the Gulf of Mexico. This state of things lasted for a score of years. Then came the Declaration of Independence, and the creation of a new national entity with its own constitution and its own flag. The one nation had become two and between them was an undefined boundary line. This was the case from the Atlantic to the Detroit River. Beyond that was a vast expanse of unclaimed and unsettled territory in which frontier lines were of small account. But in time all this western land came into the sphere of discussion.

Here then was an irregular frontier line about four thousand miles in length which needed to be adjusted. It has been adjusted, and adjusted without the firing of a single shot in anger. This is a remarkable fact. It is doubtful if any other continent could furnish a parallel. There was friction over and over again, friction over the boundary between Maine and Canada, over the line between Oregon and Canada, over the frontier between Alaska and Canada, but in every case the dispute was settled by peaceful means. The Ashburton Treaty of 1842 and the Oregon Treaty of 1846 stand out as monuments and testimonies on the side of peace. We have been at war with our sister country more than once since she became the United States of America, but never over the boundary question. That we may consider settled for all time. And what a reason for thankfulness and relief lies there! One of the most prolific causes of war has been removed. Whatever anxieties the statesmen of the two countries may have on other matters they have none on this. The boundary question is settled. Let that be written in letters of gold.

In the second place, friction may arise over rival and conflicting commercial interests. That friction may become so hot as to burst into the flames of war. Many of the wars of the past have been fundamentally trade wars. The clash between Britain and France in India in the 18th century sprang from contending commercial interests. Duplex the Frenchman and Clive the Englishman were traders and fought because they were traders. The political aim, on the part of Clive, at

least, was secondary to the commercial. The acquisition of territory was valued because of the expansion of commerce. The same was true in the wars between France and Britain in North America, wars that were both frequent and fierce. The fur-trade was the great consideration, especially for the French, and political control was simply a means to a commercial end.

But at the present time, as between Canada and the United States, while there may be misunderstandings, irritations, jealousies on matters of tariff and transportation there is no likelihood of any disagreement. The fact that the boundary is a fixed frontier and not a wavering and uncertain line goes far to prevent trade disputes from reaching the acute stage. The people of the United States may think the forests and the water-powers of Canada very desirable, and the people of Canada may see clearly the enormous value of the coal mines of Pennsylvania, but there is no doubt in the mind of either where the ownership lies. That is no longer a debatable matter and, therefore, each country knows where it stands, what are its rights, and what are the rights of its neighbor.

A third possibility of friction is found in Canada's Imperial connection. The United States with its Munroe Doctrine of non-entanglement with European alliances has next door to it a nation that has a European alliance and, through it, a large and delicate relationship to all the world. The traveller, leaving Australia and journeying to the British Isles, sees on his voyage the flag of Britain at place after place, at Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, Freemantle, Colombo, Aden, Gibraltar and, finally, within sight of the cliffs of England, he would find himself saying:

"And ever aloft on the topmost roof
The banner of England blew."

and wherever that banner blew Canada was potentially present. On that journey at least every other ship he met or passed would carry at the stern the British flag, and under every sky where the flag was seen the fortunes of Canada were involved.

Now this Imperial connection is one of the factors most pregnant with the possibility of international friction. We can easily learn how it has worked in the past. Twice at least Canada's relationship to Britain brought her into collision with the United States. We do not forget that in 1775 the soldiers of Congress occupied Montreal and that early in 1776 the American General Montgomery perished in the attempt to take possession of Quebec. Nearly forty years afterwards a second conflict took place between the United States and Britain, and Canada was again involved because of her British connection. Britain was at war with France, and her use of sea-power brought about war with the American Republic. Once more Canada was in arms and war raged from the neighborhood of Montreal to the Detroit River. That was the last break. Peace came in 1814 and has remained intact since that date. We are now in the one hundred and third year of an unbroken peace.

"Papa" Joffre has been received with wild enthusiasm at Washington and New York and Montreal and Ottawa

But, while unbroken, it has upon several occasions been menaced and from the same cause, viz., our connection with Britain. In 1861, at the outset of the Civil War occurred what is known as the Trent affair, the forcible removal by an American Warship of two Confederate delegates from a ship carrying the British flag. War was imminent, and had it broken out Canada would have been drawn into the conflict. In 1866 occurred the Fenian Raid. An armed force mobilized on American soil invaded Canada. Battles took place, property was destroyed lives were lost. Had it not been for what a Montreal writer calls the Patience of Britain a war would have broken out, and Canada would have been one of the chief battle-grounds. These are but instances. There are others upon which we need not dwell.

There are even yet possibilities of friction and conflict. One cannot help thinking what might have occurred in the present world-crisis. Suppose that Germany had respected the neutrality of Belgium, and had not sunk the Lusitania; suppose that she had gone into the struggle purely to secure a position in the world which she believed she deserved, and to acquire control of territory to which she felt she had as good a right as any one else—Turkish territory for example; suppose that the issue was fundamentally one between the two great autocracies, the German and the Russian, France and Britain siding with the latter simply for the maintaining of their political power and prestige; suppose that there had been no distinct naval question at stake; then what possibilities of quarrel at once appear. Imagine such a combination of circumstances as this. There is an untoward incident at sea. A British warship stops an American mail steamer carrying mail to Amsterdam or Christiana, seizes the mail, and subjects it to examination. In the United States there is a combination of elements hostile to Britain. The immense German population, the Irish with their traditional bitterness, the Americans who had not forgotten Bunker Hill, join hand in hand in a fierce anti-British movement. The President is swept along by this inundation of war-like sentiment. War is declared—Canada

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When Old Lights Flicker

By Jack Holden

Illustrated by Norman Hall

"Ain't fitten to take care o' myself!" old Jimmy muttered

OUTSIDE the police station of Alberta's capitol city old Jimmy Smith stood irresolute, blinking in the hot glare of a May-day sun. He was a wizened wisp of a man, white-bearded, warped and shrunken, with the trusting eyes of a child and the blurred features of the old.

"Ain't fittin'-to take care o' myself but he'd let me go 'cause there was nothin' agin me!" old Jimmy indignantly muttered as he gnawed a ragged chew from a plug of black tobacco. "Think 'cause they're policemen they own a body, they do. Makin' 'me bunk with bums an' scalawags at their ol' detention farm all winter when I didn't do nothin' 't all! Humph! I'll get a farm o' my own as good as their'n an' it won't be no abidin' place fer drunks 'n' disorderlies neither."

Winter senility forgotten in the rejuvenation of spring, old Jimmy shuffled away from the home of officious meddlers with a man's liberty, still mumbling and spluttering vast indignation.

At a corner he paused uncertainly, a bit dazed by the swift rush and ringing clamor of city life.

"Be the land office hereabouts?" he made bold to inquire of a passer-by.

"Big brick building half way down the block," informed the stranger.

"Thankee, sir, thankee."

Old Jimmy clumped briskly on.

The stranger looked after him curiously.

"Now I wonder what that old cuss is up to," he thought. "Going homesteading, I'll bet. It's a shame the way they let women and old men go bucking that game, thinking they're getting something for nothing, when it's a job that taxes the courage of even the young fellows."

In front of the land office old Jimmy paused indecisively. The bustle and clamor of the crowded office disturbed him. The men inside were so big and strong; they talked so loudly and moved so vigorously.

"Must be gettin' old," muttered the ancient one. "Yessir, maybe after a while I won't be able to farm none too good. Pitchin' hay ain't so easy. Yessir, I got to get my farm from the government an' get it a-goin' afore I get too old. I been puttin' it off a long time."

He bravely pushed inside and after a while a clerk asked what he could do for him.

"I want a farm," said old Jimmy. "A place o' my own where I can walk 'about of an evening 'n' listen to cows a-mooin' and sheep bah-bahin' and little piggies a-squealin' an' all. I been wantin' another farm, sonny, ever since——" Quite unaccountably, the applicant's lip quivered and his weak eyes swam. And then he went

on: "I want t' get settled down quiet 'n' easy-like afore I get too old. Workin' for wages don't seem jest the thing for an' old body. I been puttin' it off year after year—first one thing and then another—but I'm a-goin' to start now. Yessir, I made up my mind."

"Pretty old, arn't you, to go farming?" Really, though, an applicant's age was no affair of the clerk's.

"No, sirree, I ain't," refuted old Jimmy with quick indignation. "Too old! Humph! I don't know as you should be a-crowin'—you ain't lookin' none too strong yerself, young man."

"Oh, very well. Where do you wish to locate?"

"Wherever you got the land to give away. I don't know so much about these parts 'ceptin' there's good land to be had for nothing."

The clerk consulted a superior.

"Better send him up where they made the oil strike," whispered the latter. "He'll never make good on a homestead but he might stumble on an oil seepage while he's nosing around."

"Here's a plat showing some vacant land," presently informed the clerk. "These homesteads are only four miles from a station on the Athabasca line. You go up there, look them over, then come back and file on the one you prefer. And say, you'd better watch out for oil. They made a strike in that district last month. It seeps through the ground—see? You'd make your fortune if you found oil."

"Oil! Shucks! It's a farm I want—I was a farmer onct—an' it won't be like some farms I could mention neither. Bums an' scalawags! No sirree!"

Old Jimmy placed his plat in an ancient wallet along with a few greasy bills of small denomination—his entire worldly wealth, earned at the city farm where an occasional derelict is temporarily taken care of—and made his way trainward.

Several hours later he arrived at a pretentious station bearing the name "Rochester" in huge black letters.

"Must be a good-sized town," mused Jimmy. "Such a fine depot an' all."

But there was no town.

"My good gosh! Where'll I get my outfit?" And then Jimmy spied a small general store hidden behind a clump of pine trees. He purchased an axe, some tinned stuff, a blanket and a piece of tarpaulin.

"Humph! Fresh storekeeper had to go an' say I was gettin' old, too," the belated Argonaut grumbled as he headed down an unimproved trail, his belongings neatly packed on his back. "They don't know ol' Smithy—mc that was a miner an' all—lot o' igner'nt young squirts a-runnin' things these days."

On and on resolutely plodded Smithy, the dust floating in little clouds about his white-socked ankles. A grumpy crow cawed discordantly and flapped away into the bush. A chipmunk set up a silly chatter and whisked out of sight. A glorious sun laved the uncertain trail in a golden wash, warming and energizing the ancient pilgrim. A soft breeze swept the gloomy pine trees that bordered his path to a crooning melody.

After a while hunger assailed old Jimmy. He sat beside a purling brook and ate cold pork and beans with a slice or two of bread, washed down with sparkling cold creek water. Then he resumed his journey, a trifle reluctantly, for weariness was already commencing to tug at his old sinews.

"Ought to 'a' done it long ago," he reproved himself. "Not so spry as I was onct. But shucks! a farmer don't need to do so much hisself once he gets things to runnin' right."

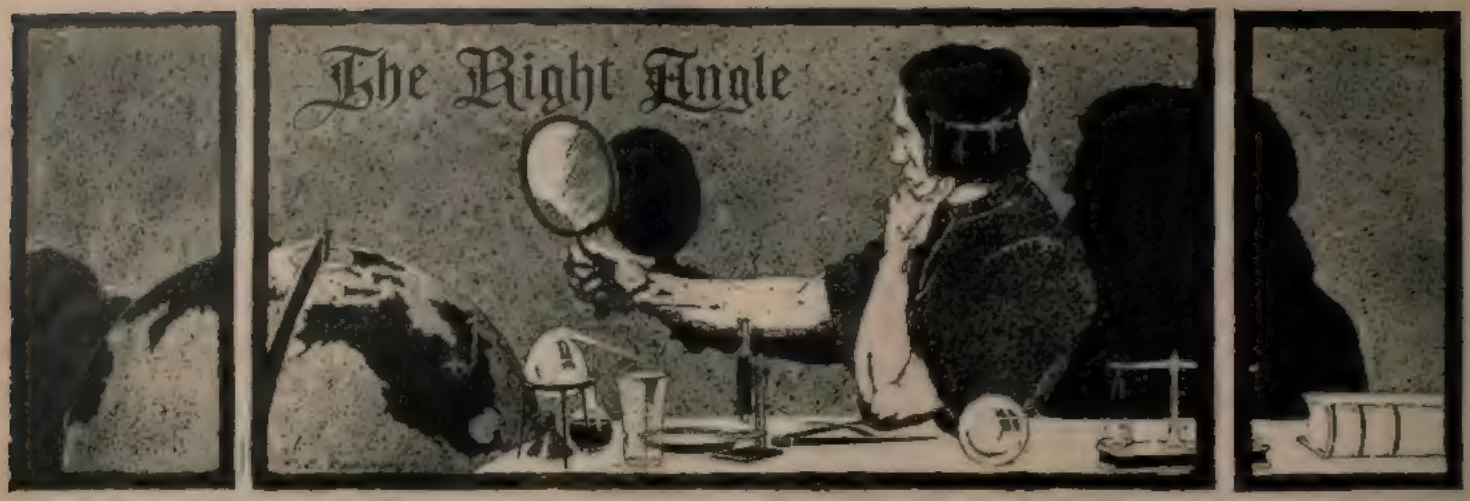
After a while a settler passed.

"Better file on the quarter bordering the trail," he advised. "Another mile and you'll be there. You'll know it by a creek running through it. You look rather old to be going homesteading."

"Old, old—it's all I hear," spluttered Jimmy as he resumed his journey. "One'd think a body couldn't go for hisself to hear 'em talk. Humph!"

Continued on page 92.

"I'm coming, Mary, I'm coming," the old man cried



HOW IS BUSINESS?

HOW is business? How do the business barometers read? Three trusty barometers are Railway earnings, bank clearings and business failures. In April C. P. R.'s gross earnings were $12,036,000, which showed an increase of $418,000 over April, 1916. C. N. R.'s gross earnings were $3,314,000, an increase of $491,500. G. T. R.'s gross earnings were $4,885,211, an increase of $190,946. The total gross for the three railways was $20,235,211, an increase of $1,100,446, or 11.02 per cent. No one can be blue over this barometer of business. Bank clearings in all Canadian cities for April totalled $1,095,437,148, which was an increase of $351,548,073 or 47.2 per cent., which surely is another reason for encouragement. Business failures are growing fewer. In April, 1915, they numbered 194; in 1916 there were 155 and in 1917 only 72, the smallest in many years. The third week in May showed only 17 failures as against 44 during the corresponding period a year ago. Even the confirmed persimist could hardly ask for brighter business weather.

THE POSING PESTS

THE war has produced a type of human who poses constantly. There is the individual who "believes in facing facts"—and incidentally in right-about-facing his acquaintances, who are too busy doing their bit, in Khaki or out of it, to ponder continually on the war-situation, rehash the Belgian atrocities, and discuss at length the economical situation as it will be in 1920. This poseur holds forth at dinner parties, tea parties, and in the street; and he is never so happy as when discussing the horrors of war with those whose dear ones are experiencing them in France. His pose is that of the Well-Informed Britisher. His specialty is to magnify all the horrors, and ignore the beauty in to-day's sacrifice and heroism. Then there is the Pacifist: It is generally a woman, but there are many men among them. The women have an eagerly-ugly look; and, (being Pacifists), are constantly on the offensive. They have a theory that mankind is experiencing an orgy of blood-shed which depraved male minds enjoy; and that the women of the earth should—to quote an eminent Pacifist—"refuse to bear children into this war-ridden world, until the men are satisfied to cease warring with their brothers." The male pacifist poses as a martyr; and the chastened soul of the poseur speaks through his fishy eyes in the sad message: "I am misunderstood! I know you think me a coward; but it is my love for my fellowman, be he Britisher or Hun, that makes me shun the recruiting officer as if he had the plague!" Another poseuse is the woman, who knits; slowly, clickingly, and aggravatingly, at concerts and lectures—anywhere, in fact, where she has an audience. She finishes one sock in thirteen concerts and a lecture on thrift. In these days of hard work and achievement, she should be chloroformed—or disenfranchised! It is good to look about to-day, however, and realize how hopelessly the poseurs are in the minority. The men in Khaki are thinking real thoughts, striving, achieving, and growing. Their women are discovering hitherto unknown depths of selflessness and courage in their hearts. "Here's hoping" that the Divine Naturalness will spread, until the poseurs will see, face-to-face, the real values of real things.

"THERE GO THE SHIPS"

WHAT will be the final slogan, the last battle cry of the war? The first was the insensate "Business as usual," which was speedily discarded when it was realized that business could not be as usual, and that if it could business ought not to be as usual. Then the cry went up for men, and poets tuned their harps on the note "enlist". When the machinery was almost broken down under the rush of men to the colors it was suddenly discovered that munitions was the pressing need of the Allies. So men and women turnd to workshops, and presently ammunition was being poured out as fast as the great guns could shoot it away, and since then there has been no danger that the supply will not continue in sufficient quantities until the end of the war. More lately we have heard that greater food production is the duty of the hour, and this, we think, is the most solemn, the most significent warning we have yet had. Intimately connected with the problem of producing more food is the problem of getting it shipped across the ocean to Britain and France and Belgium. None of these countries grows even in normal times enough food for its own use; in these abnormal times the production will leave a still greater margin to be made good from this continent. The problem is one presented by the submarines. Germany is now sinking ships faster than they are building, and so the cry goes up for Canada to turn to her ship yards as loyally as she has turned to her munition plants, and build ships to carry to menaced England and bleeding France and Belgium all the wheat and other food stuffs above our own bare wants. Unless the ships are built in sufficient numbers the starvation of Great Britain is even more than a possibility. In this country is all the necessary equipment for a ship building campaign that will have a more deciding influence upon the war than even the Battle of Ypres and the offensive in Arras. The plants are already in existence; the skilled ship builders are here; the wood for their construction is unlimited. What is necessary is a realization of the gravity of the situation. All that Canada can do will not be too much. It cannot be too quickly done.

RIMOUSKI SPEAKS

THE last strongholds of Anti-Suffragism appear to be the harem of the Shah of Persia and Rimouski. The former may fall a victim to the banner which proclaims Votes for Women, but the latter, never! so long as it is guided by its able representative, Muzzhur H. Boulay—pronounced Bully by the crassly ignorant and vicious. Muzzhur Boulay expressed the opinions of his constituency, at least presumably, recently in the House of Commons. A Member we take it is but the mouthpiece of his riding, ergo Muzzhur does but voice the sentiments of the men of Rimouski when he asserted that women should be banished from the Service, that they should be struck from the pay lists of the Government. Why? naturally asks the benighted person who lives in some remote district as Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto or Winnipeg. Because, explains Muzzhur, women are proverbial wasters; the women who draw monthly envelopes from the Government, spend their salary in riotous living—powdering their noses, and laving their persons with perfume. . . the hussies! And, mind you, they go to the theatres! They know nothing of the gentle art of housekeeping and they show no desire to get married. . . . the artful minxes! Quoting M. Boulay's motion, in the House:

> The Government should decide that in the future men only shall be employed in all branches of the civil service where the salary is $800.00 or more, and that a commissioner should be appointed to supervise the work done by the employees in each department.

Looking at the matter from the slant of a prejudiced man, perhaps some of the girls in the employ of the Government do dress exceedingly well, especially those taken on temporarily. Their salaries have gone to their backs, so to speak. Perhaps—oh, shame that we should confess it—they powder their noses and use perfume. M. Boulay laid great stress on the powder and perfume. They also frequent the theatres. They may even say they don't want to get married—especially those who haven't been asked! But they do no real harm, they are generous to a fault and rarely fail to subscribe to whatever fund is before the public at the moment. Some girls in the service recently attended a Dram. League play where a returned soldier spoke of the need for a home for the boys who came back from the front. The next day they raised two hundred dollars for this cause. . . which proves that all of their money is not spent on powder.

"THE WOMAN TEMPTED ME"

FAR be it from the chivalrous Westerner to believe anything disparaging concerning women, but the fact remains that at least one celebrity holds women responsible for the World war. This celebrity by no means relieves the German people from the fateful responsibility, but he submits that the dominating influence behind the men of Germany is the women of that nation. His chief premise is that all women are potentially war-makers, because they are essentially envious and grasping, whereas men left to themselves are intrinsically virtuous and generous. He submits that just as a man may become feminine in character, a nation may become dominantly feminine. The men of Germany went out to steal territory and all the loots that attache thereto because they are under the sway of woman. They are ruled through sex. He contrasts the Germans with Englishmen, who, he says, are distinctly masculine. Our authority is an Oriental traveller and scholar, just as Adam was, for Adam must have travelled far and learned much, after "the woman tempted him." Our modern Adam, however, comes, not from Eden, but from the Celestial Empire. His name is Kung Yuan Ku'suh and he has expressed his original conceptions in a booklet entitled "The Judgment of the Orient." This Chinaman lived long in Germany and England, and while some of his views may merely amuse, others are worthy of note. Comparing the Germans and English, he says: "The German brain has been highly developed, but the German soul has remained infantile. On the other hand the English brain develops slowly, but the English soul moves with the swiftness of lightning." K'ung Yuan Ku'suh was right in this respect, at least. When honor, humanity and the principles of liberty are at stake there is no call for deliberation as to expediency.

HOMAGE TO THE RETURNED

A TORONTO colonel, when rebuking some soldiers who had raided factories to round up alien workmen, made an unfortunate slip when he said that a few days before a group of returned veterans had failed to salute Gen. Logie. One of the men in the crowd reminded him that for a man on crutches to come to the salute involved a rather difficult and complicated feat of gymnastics. We may as well dismiss the notion that men who have risked their lives and sacrificed their limbs in the war ought to be expected to salute officers in uniform. The question is, why should not we salute these heroes? Why should not every home staying Canadian officer raise his fingers to his cap when he passes a man in uniform hobbling on a stick or swinging between crutches as he makes his way painfully along the sidewalk? Moreover, why should not we civilians who have remained at home offer them like homage? Many of us tip our hats to a clergyman, especially if our ideas upon orthodoxy coincide, and so great a man as Thomas Carlyle thought it no disgrace to unbonnet to a lord. Why then should we not make public and emphatic recognition whenever the opportunity presents itself to those brave but unfortunate fellow citizens of ours, and offer them a salute as they pass us by?

THE TWO BOOKS

LISTS of the "hundred best books" which began, if we are not mistaken, with the catalogue of the late Lord Avebury, then Sir John Lubbock, and repeated or varied by Frederic Harrison, Clement K. Shorter and the erudite Lord Acton have been a popular and harmless diversion of literary folk for these many years. Dr. Eliot made an improvement when he prepared his five foot book shelf, containing by no means one hundred books, though comprising selections from several hundreds. The tendency of the day toward condensation, stimulated in so far as the battle front is concerned by the necessity of soldiers carrying their reading matter in a mere corner of their bags, has suggested to a writer on a Toronto newspaper the advisability of a list of the two books one would select if he were restricted to this number. In a whimsical announcement which invited contributions, the writer said that the "Bible and Shakespeare were barred." Had they not been shut out it is safe to say that ninety-nine out of every hundred people who would select the two best books in our language or for the matter of that in any language would have offered the Bible and Shakespeare. Alas, that it should be also safe to guess that about ninety-eight out of the hundred had never read either of them, and that the ninety-eight might well contain the gentleman who, when asked if he had read "Romeo and Juliet," replied "Well, I have read Romeo." There are in the English tongue just two supremely great books. We are told it when we are children; we continue to believe it, and continue to ignore the books until, perhaps, we arrive at middle age. Then, it may be through accident or deep tribulation, we find that it is true, and learn, no doubt with astonishment what is meant when one says that a book is immortal. It is not that the book will live forever. It is that the book though written long ago is alive to-day. Shakespeare and Solomon are as alive and "up to date" this minute as Vernon Castle and the movies.

Politics and Politicians

SOME OF THE HAPPENINGS OF THE MONTH ON PARLIAMENT HILL

By Tom King

SIR ROBERT BORDEN has returned and Parliament is gazing at him in a sort of fascinated trance. Within forty-eight hours he enfranchised one million five hundred thousand women, and commanded the compulsory enlistment of one hundred thousand men. True these are not yet accomplished facts, but the announcement of the Prime Minister usually has the effect of law, or at least becomes law in the very near future.

It is as yet too early to speculate about the conscription measure or what affect the discussion bound to arise upon it may have in Dominion politics. Certainly, however, the premier has started things. It looked before he came back as though the parliamentary machine had about run down, but now it is geared up to high pressure and the wheels go round so rapidly that many members find their heads awhirling.

The event of the session so far has been the presentation to the House of Commons by Sir Thomas White, Minister of Finance, of the Report of the Royal Commission appointed to inquire into the railway problem of Canada. It is, unfortunately, a divided report. Sir Henry Drayton and Mr. W. M. Acworth favor the goverment taking over and operating the Canadian Northern, the Grand Trunk and the Grand Trunk Pacific. President Smith of the New York Central, the practical railway man of the Commission, dissents from his colleagues, and favors corporate ownership and control. Indeed he uses against them their own criticism of government ownership as we have had it on the Intercolonial.

THE war so engrosses everybody that parliamentarians are apparently giving little thought to the Report of the Royal Commission. Yet that report is bound to get into the realm of practical politics. If its recommendations are to be carried out the government must assume the responsibility, and whatever measure it introduces will be put through the House as a government measure. Meanwhile, however, private members are free to discuss the report even though they be supporters of the government. Yet I find it as difficult to start a conversation with your average M. P. on this subject as it would be to inveigle him into a discussion of the nebula hypothesis. His mind is receptive, but he gives back no information. Never did a State document of such importance arouse so little discussion. The newspapers, editorially, have had almost nothing to say about it. The statesmen whom it ought to engross are, as we have seen, non-committal.

Up to date the railway report and the railway situation have not visibly stirred the currents of politics or affected the movements of politicians. Perhaps a more vital issue, possibly because it affects every family so directly every day in the year, is the high cost of living. This was bound to come up for discussion, and the budget debate brought it to the surface immediately. There were also special debates upon the motion of Mr. Carroll, Liberal Member for S. Cape Breton, who moved the adjournment of the House in order to discuss the rapidly rising price of flour, and upon a similar motion made by Mr. Devlin of Wright to discuss the diversion of grain from the miller to the distiller.

Unavoidably Mr. Devlin's motion led to a debate on prohibition, and therefore found favor on both sides of the House. The debate on the price of flour, and, indeed, the debate on the high cost of living generally has been [illegible] he represents an urban or [illegible] stituency.

YET, though the [illegible] the debate [illegible] certain currents of opinion [illegible] bers of the House [illegible] nothing, for no doubt [illegible] a diversity of [illegible] out the country. Sir Henry [illegible] man of undoubted [illegible] the same time a man of great wealth and a large employer of labor took the position that everybody was getting high prices nowadays [illegible] Wages, he [illegible] point undreamed of in our [illegible] Employment was universal [illegible] perism had almost [illegible] Mr. John Webster, of Brockville [illegible] touch with the [illegible] the St. Lawrence, [illegible] prices asked by the [illegible] butter, cheese and bacon. [illegible] he pointed out, had to pay [illegible] than formerly for his live stock, [illegible] feed and for his labor. He [illegible] more money but not a [illegible] profit. At any rate, he [illegible] ing on business for [illegible] loss, and was entitled to share in the general prosperity.

Other members, notably Mr. W. F. Cockshutt, of Brantford, took the position that a large section of the community was being ground between the millstones of high wages for artisan and high prices for farm product. When wages go [illegible] goes up that wages can buy. This means, of course that house rent and clothing have gone soaring as well as food. Hence Mr. Cockshutt and those who agree with him say the people with fixed incomes, the salaried class, and the dependent families of soldiers, were never so badly off as they are at present.

This
New Department
—by the Dean of the Ottawa Press Gallery—
will give the readers of CANADA MONTHLY an inside view of the political machinery of the Dominion and various Provinces. Tom King's views are entirely from a news angle—they are not partisan.

FINALLY, there were Liberal members from the free trade belt of Western Canada who could see no speedy relief except in a radical reduction of tariff duties. They want the farmer to be able to import his implements free of duty. Quite possibly the tariff plank of the Liberal platform in the coming national campaign will be fashioned out of the amendments to be offered in the budget debate. By the time this is printed these amendments will have been offered and voted down, and they are likely to embody demands for the removal of the tariff duties from farm implements, lumber and cement.

Whether the Liberals made much of an argument or not against the government they at least voiced a general complaint against the high cost of living. That complaint, so far as it evidences dissatisfaction, is a complaint against the government Many politicians here think it is the best card the Liberals have to play in the coming campaign

The women will vote as well as the men, when we come to choose the next parliament. A hungry man is apt to be critical, but a woman who finds herself unable to get what she thinks she ought to have for her children is even more likely to hold the government of the day responsible

Sir Thos White Acting Prime Minister during Sir Robert Borden's absence

AND this brings us to the question of votes for women, which may yet be a lively party issue at the present session of parliament. Ordinarily suffrage should be a provincial question, but by a series of accidents it has become unavoidably an issue in Dominion politics

Five of the nine provinces, to wit, British Columbia, Alberta, Saskatchewan, Manitoba and Ontario, have enfranchised women. Women, beyond doubt, will vote for members of the legislature in each of these provinces at the next provincial elections Whether they will get on the election lists in the various provinces in time to vote for members of the Dominion parliament at the next Dominion general election must largely depend upon the date of that election. Were parliament to be dissolved and a Dominion election held in June, there would be nothing for it in Ontario but to use the election lists of 1916, and of course upon these lists the names of women do not appear except the limited number who, a year ago, had the municipal franchise. On the other hand, if the Dominion election is deferred until the Fall, or later, the Ontario lists for 1917 will be made up, and these will include the names of all women in Ontario over twenty-one and of British citizenship.

So far, so good. If the provinces were allowed to decide the qualifications of voters at Dominion as well as provincial elections there could be no doubt that sex disqualification would cease to exist for electoral purposes west of the Ottawa River. But, perhaps inadvertently, the provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta, are unable to enfranchise women for Dominion election purposes, because Sections 32 and 33 of Part Two of the Dominion Elections Act say

> In the provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta, except as in this Act otherwise provided, every male person shall be qualified to vote at the election of a member under this Act, who, not being an Indian, is a British subject and of the full age of twenty-one years, and has resided in the province for at least twelve months

Shortly after the Liberals came into power in 1896 they repealed the Dominion Franchise Act, and since then provincial lists have been used for Dominion elections. Ordinarily one would think that parliament would simply repeal the clause of the Dominions Elections Act above quoted so as to give all the provinces home rule in the matter. The Prime Minister, however on record as saying that all or none of the women of Canada should be allowed to vote at the Dominion Elections

Since the above was written the suffrage debate has occurred in the House and the Prime Minister has declared that all the women shall vote for federal franchise at the coming election While lawyers do not agree on the point the Minister of Justice has decided that provincial legislation cannot enfranchise women in any province for Dominion purposes. If he be right the women of Ontario, Manitoba and British Columbia are in precisely the same position as their sisters in Saskatchewan and Alberta. However, the point is no longer important because the women are hereafter to vote in federal elections from sea to sea

The budget debate proved to be considerably longer than the budget itself, which consisted of nothing more than a change in the war tax on business profits. The tax is considerably increased, running up, on a graduated scale, to 75% on all profits above 20%. This proposal, the only one made by Sir Thomas White in the budget speech, seemed to meet with general approval from both sides of the House. Some Opposition members thought that Great Britain and Australia had gone even farther in the way of commandeering business profits for the State, but they admitted that the new budget, after all, went pretty far

The only line of division along party lines relates to a personal income tax. The government may come to a personal income tax later on, but it inclines to the belief that it would cost more than it would produce

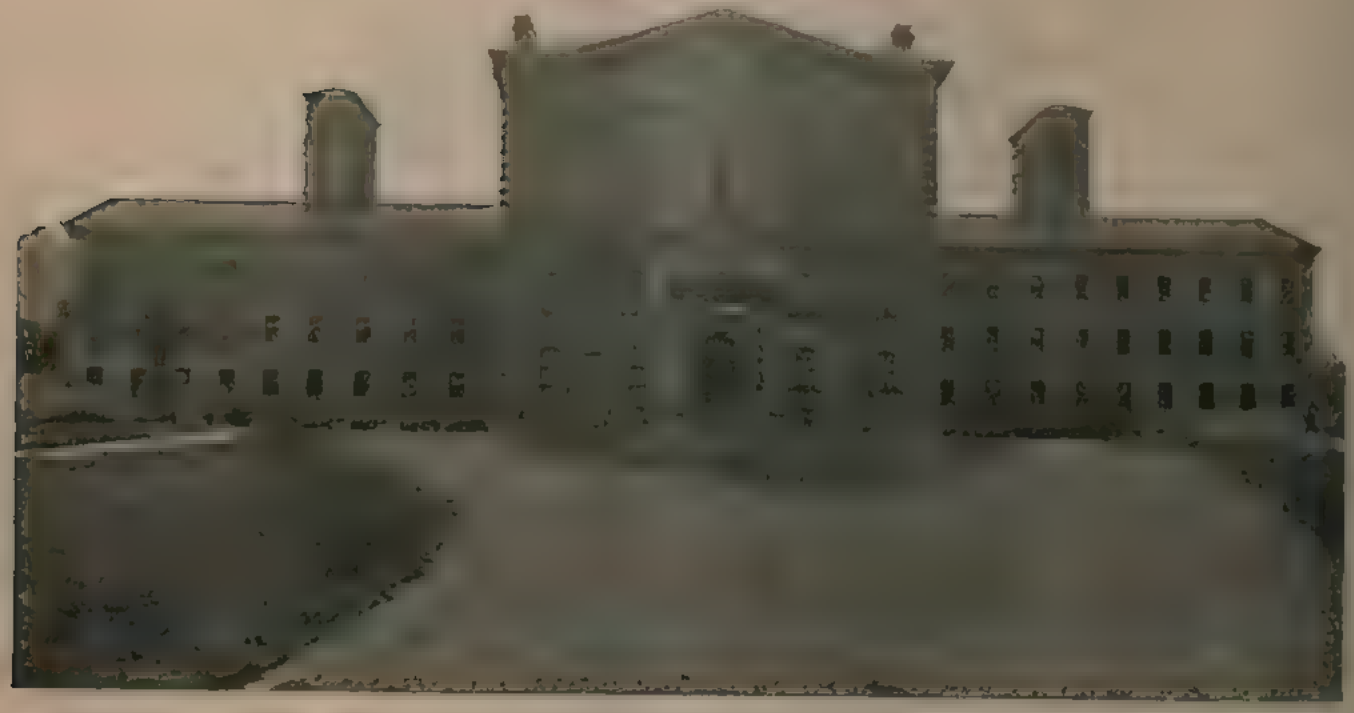
The present session of parliament assembled on January 18th, and, in order to permit the Prime Minister to attend the Imperial Conference, passed a great deal of legislation. Then the House adjourned for ten weeks, and reassembled on April 19th. When the members got together they found that between what they had already done in January and what the government had done during the recess a great many subjects to be wished to debate had been practically removed from the realm of discussion For example parliament had voted [illegible] hundred million dollars for war penditure up to March 31st This does not foreclose all discussion on the conduct of the war, but it has a [illegible] government. The [illegible]

Business vs. Booze

WHAT EIGHT MONTHS OF PROHIBITION HAS SHOWN ONTARIO

By R. Goldwin Smith

Illustrated from Photographs



Old Toronto Jail "over the Don" closed for lack of boarders

WHAT is a "Legger?" Every condition has its by-products. Every new condition creates its own by-products, and sometimes they are so original that names have to be coined for them. Well, a "Legger" is a by-product of Prohibition. When bars are closed down for good and the retail sale of booze is forbidden by law, there are naturally some dry men walking the streets. Now, a "Legger" is on the look out for such a man. A "Legger" carries his retail store in the leg of his boot, if he wears high ones, and somewhere else, if his boots are not a convenient vehicle. His retail store is a flask of whisky, which he sells at so much a swallow. When the "Legger" meets a man he knows who also knows him, it is a simple matter for both to retire to a secluded spot and put through a deal successfully. Of course the police are on the watch for this form of peddling, for which no licenses are granted. To negotiate an exchange of "liquid assets" therefore, requires certain skill. Anybody, for instance, who happens to have the traditional "nose," may at any time expect to be transfixed by the gaze of a passer-by. If he is one of the susceptible, his fate, like that of the Bridegroom in "The Ancient Mariner," is sealed:

"It is an ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three.
'By thy long gray beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?'"

Ontario has been dry for eight months. On the sixteenth of September, 1916, the Provincial statute became effective closing all bars and retail stores within the borders of Ontario. During the first six months of the "dry" period people of every walk in life have been watching intently for results. There certainly have been results and to the observant some of them are interesting. Some have a nose for "booze" and some have a nose for "news," and each, if he seeks diligently will find, and each in his way may be carried to excesses. For instance, the writer left the office of one well informed authority, who could not say too much in favor of Prohibition, and walked into the arms of another, who claimed he had inside knowledge, and declared that vice had been thriving since Prohibition became effective. When questioned, the prophet of vice gave startling details concerning what had been going on in certain quarters of the City of Toronto, now known to the police, and submitted the conclusion, that if the habitual drunkard could not quench his thirst, he would find some other vicious medium for satisfying his excited nervous system. Now, when the writer had secured his balance once more and resumed his inquiry, he came to his own conclusion, that, whereas the first authority had been faithfully tracing the records of the true products of Prohibition, the other, who was also an authority, had been studying the course of certain spasmodic by-products, with which every beneficial enactment is conditioned. The one study is surely as important as the other, and all that one requires is sufficient breadth of vision to fit the existing good and evil into their proper places.

Prohibition—Loss and Gain

HAS Ontario benefited by Prohibition? There are some people, who could not get "squiffy," without almost passing through "the dark valley," who will not hear of Prohibition being a good thing for the community,

because they argue that Prohibition is an evil in itself. It interferes with "personal liberty." Well, everybody loves personal liberty, but few complain of the law rigidly enforced to the effect that a motor-car must not drive on the left side of the street. Now, it has been pointed out above that various answers have been given to the question that opens this paragraph. What weight have the arguments of those who think that Prohibition has had bad results?

In the first place the business of numerous citizens has been wrecked. The suppression of the bars has closed a score of hotels in Toronto, that were hitherto prosperous. This has resulted in scarcity of good, cheap accommodation. In answer to this one needs but search the city and discover what hotels have gone out of business. Only those which existed as an excuse for the "bar." What has become of these hotels? The tinsel is rusting on the walls of those, which have not already been transformed into stores, temperance drink bars and restaurant counters. The fact, however, that all of these locations, many of which are among the best in the city, have not been profitably utilized is that real estate in general is dead in Toronto

Cost of Sobriety

THE voice of the people spoke loudly for Prohibition and they got it An inevitable result of such an enactment is that hereafter the people will have to pay more for "dry" accommodation. Hitherto when the innocent traveller came to town and stayed at the hotel, his board was partly paid by the "boozer." Think of that! What vicarious giving! What promiscuous charity was given and taken!

"The quality of mercy is not strain'd
It droppeth as a gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blessed,
It blesses him that gives and him that takes."

But the people of Ontario did not see the situation in that light, or else they saw too late. The result is that those drinking-haunts that did not give real accommodation have naturally been deprived of their visible means of support. Now, events have proved with them that they should not have been in existence any way, because they were all the time breaking the spirit of the law, which demands that all hotels should be suitable places for bed and board. All hotels which have reasonable accommodation for bed and board have it in their power to continue to subsist. There is only one sane thing to do. Travellers must have suitable accommodation. Let hotelmen provide this and establish a charge that will return them a reasonable profit There will be a profit in communities for good "dry" hotels, under this condition, but the sooner the public awake to the changed conditions, the better it will be for all concerned

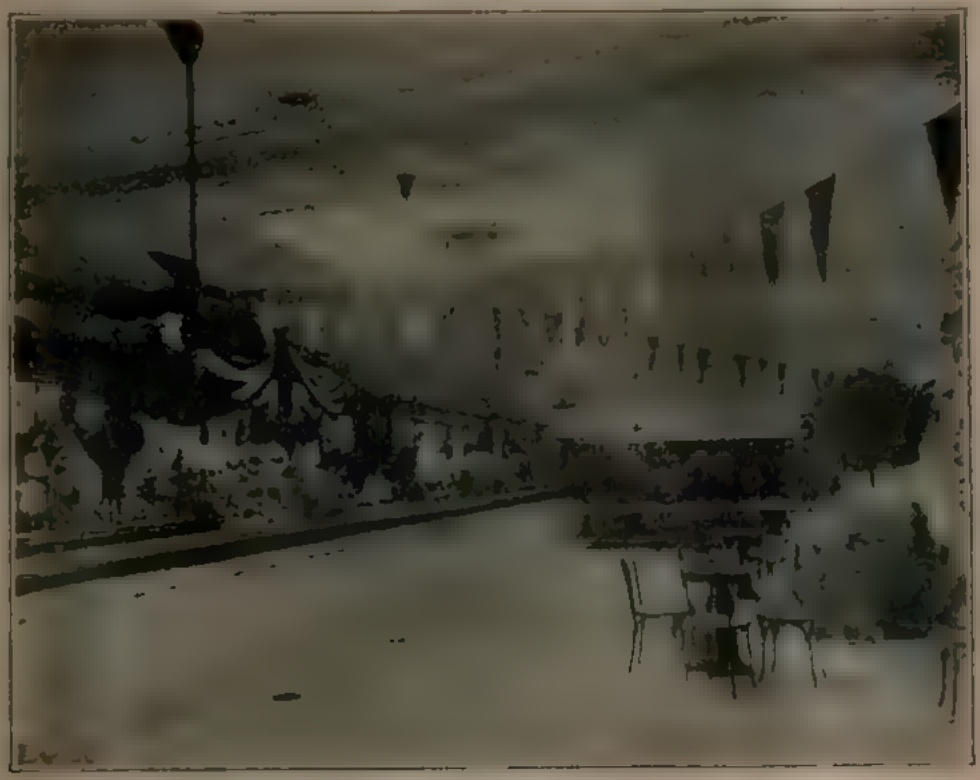
The second thing the "wets" claim is that vice is flourishing under cover It is true that "Leggers" and "blind pigs" have sprung into being as a result of the banishment of the retail sale of liquors. It is a question, then, as to which is the greater evil, the open bar or its two alternatives. Well, in the first place the open bar was under the patronage of the people, which gave it a certain respectability. Notice! The alternatives are "under cover." Now a large percentage of men (The writer speaks with authority) who would drink at the bar, refuse to go "under cover" for it. Blind pigs and "Leggers" are plentiful. Neither police nor social workers will deny that They are working in co-operation to suppress the traffic, with material success, according to police records and the statements of social workers

Sobriety and Thrift.

THE stories that social workers related to the writer when questioned as to the noticeable effects of Prohibition in Ontario, would gladden the heart of an inebriate. "When John came home one night last October and unwrapped a new suit of clothes for himself, I nearly fell over," confided one woman to a social worker the writer interviewed, and added: "It was the first time he had done it in ten years." Now, that was a homely and intimate occurrence, which serves to illustrate what is going on all over the province. It represents, sobriety, thrift and happiness. The writer told the social worker that incidents were easy to find on both sides. "May be, said he, "but will you tell me why our board were forced to find a new field of labor for the man who used to superintend our lodging-house. There are practically no lodgers now. (The lodging-house mentioned is a charity institution well known in the City of Toronto as a refuge for the transient needy.) To confirm these views, the writer has inquired into the operations of certain church charity boards and the same conditions are reported. There is practically no need for charity

Decrease In Drunkenness

ONE must be cautious in using statistics at the present time to substantiate any argument, for or against in a question like Prohibition. Figures now available at police headquarters will be given. Some people dispute the authority of these figures in view of the fact that a large number of people are out of the country at present. Now, it is quite true that men of fine instincts who have become subject to certain vicious habits, would naturally fly to arms, in their country's hour of need and thus redeem their lives. Men with whom the writer has talked, however, do not consider that the number of men of this class, who have gone to the front, are out of proportion to the



Five bartenders were required to care for customers at this Toronto bar before Sept. 16, 1916 It is now a club for returned soldiers

number who were not addicted to vicious habits, who have enlisted. As Deputy Chief of Police Archibald, of Toronto, remarked to the writer, the number of crimes committed are relatively few. Most of the cases in the courts are mere breaches of the city by-laws.

With these facts in full view, it will be interesting to review what Toronto police records have to show. It is perhaps superfluous to state that Prohibition in Ontario, as far as it is in force, has had the effect of decreasing the number of cases of drunkenness. One can go further and say that the decrease is very material. In the minds of a good many people this alone would vindicate the new law. The Prohibition law went into force on September 16th, 1916. That means that there were fifteen dry weeks in that year. During the whole of 1916, in the City of Toronto, 9,639 cases for drunkenness were tried in the police court; in 1915 the number was 11,232. Deputy Chief of Police Archibald, in giving these figures, stated that the bulk of the decrease shown in 1916 occurred during the closing quarter of the year. Another class of offence that is closely allied to drunkenness and which is chiefly due to drink is disorderliness. During 1916 there were 1435 cases in court, as compared with 2,429 cases in 1915. According to police officials there were practically no disorderly cases during the closing quarter of 1916.

There are certain people with a zeal for unprejudiced judgment who declare that Prohibition does not account for the decrease in figures, because so many men, who would otherwise be frequently in the police courts for drunkenness and disorderliness, are at the front. In view of this statement, examine the following comparative table:

Cases of drunkenness in court in Toronto.

	1916	1915
Male	9,147	10,624
Female	492	608
Total	9,639	11,232

Notice the figures covering women inebriates, and yet women do not go to war. If Prohibition has decreased drink among women, why should it not decrease the number of inebriates among the men?

The figures with regard to cases of disorderly conduct tell the same story:

Cases of disorderly conduct in court in Toronto

	1916	1915
Males	1,372	2,345
Females		84
Totals	1,435	2,429

Fewer women have been apprehended for this form of lawlessness since prohibition came into effect.

Previous to the 16th of September, 1916, it was the prerogative of Inspectors at Police substations to dismiss, without trial, first and sometimes second offences for drunkenness without bringing the offenders to trial. Since that date every single case has been tried. Obviously this fact strengthens the case for Prohibition.

During the first 33 weeks since Prohibition there were 2563 cases for drunkenness in Toronto. This is at the rate of 4,039 for the year, and compares with 11,232 cases during the wet year 1915.

Statistics may be used for purposes of misrepresentation, but their truth and value have often been maligned. Police statistics in the larger Ontario communities, outside Toronto, indicate

Photo British and

J. W. Flavelle

Chairman of the Ontario License Board, whose task it is to hunt out the Leggers

that with few exceptions both drink cases and total offences tried by magistrates have decreased in number in marked degree since Prohibition came into force. The figures for the closing quarters, 1916 and 1915 in 33 large communities follow:

Drink Cases		Total Cases	
1916	1915	1916	1915
2286	5388	10,587	14,425

In face of these facts, the sobering and law-abiding effects of Prohibition can scarcely be denied. It will be of value, perhaps, to give the reports from police magistrates for the three months ending December 31st, 1916, and 1915 in detail:

Dec. 31, 1915-16.

Drunkenness Cases Tried		Total Offenses Tried	
1915	1916	1915	1916
Barrie	17	4	37	46
Belleville	42	15	107	69
Berlin	9	3	120	82
Brantford	152	16	354	200
Brockville	34	26	61	62
Chatham	39	6	101	105
Cobalt	1	11	102	95
Cobourg	15	4	48	54
Cornwall	12	11	30	42
Galt	5	2	54	24
Guelph	17	18	117	104
Hamilton	498	61	1341	749
Kingston	96	51	190	102
London	367	134	783	501
Lindsay	3	3	31	30
Niagara Falls	37	240	120	334
North Bay	18	4	38	23
Orillia	18	8	39	32
Oshawa	11	8	104	45
Ottawa	286	234	587	607
Owen Sound	35	19	183	140
Peterborough	98	24	211	110
Port Arthur	189	56	277	147
Port Hope	7	0	23	11
Sarnia	106	101	200	178
Sault Ste. Marie	46	126	157	221
Smith's Falls	3	7	23	17
St. Catharines	172	19	361	215
St. Thomas	20	2	81	53
Stratford	31	2	118	75
Windsor	80	99	118	252
Woodstock	15	10	75	83
Toronto	2908	953	8291	5082

Among the municipalities listed above appear several notable exceptions. The cities of Ottawa, Sarnia, Sault Ste. Marie and Windsor show a maked increase in cases of drunkenness and in total offences against the law. There is, however, a special reason for this condition in these cities. They are on the border in close proximity to centers where liquors are available at retail. Perhaps nothing demonstrates more clearly the cleansing social effects of Prohibition than the contrast in police records between those cities in close proximity to the open bars in Quebec and the United States and those cities distant from the borders.

Economy and Booze

IN dealing with the economic effects of Prohibition in its larger aspects, statistics may be improperly used, because other factors are operative. Here the influence of war cannot be denied. Everybody has money in the bank, because everybody has lucrative employment," is an argument some people use. Nevertheless, if the boozer had more money coming in from week to week would he not drink more? Moreover war wages were in full swing before Prohibition came into effect in Ontario, yet since September 1916, savings de-

Continued on page 86.

The Vow of Silence

By Alice Hegan Rice

Illustrated by Thomas Fogarty

UP from the banks of Kentucky River, Gray Knob rose rugged and uncouth. Two lonesome cabins stood upon the clearing on its [illegible] glared at each other in fair weather and foul, as if determined to stare each other out of countenance. The larger cabin was evidently lying the advantage of it; it stood forth clean, firm, and aggressive, while the smaller one leaned shiftlessly against the hillside, apparently indifferent as to what supported it, the flowers on the dilapidated sill as impertinent as a posy in the buttonhole of a beggar.

In these dwellings lived the Skittles. Mr. Skittles in the smaller cabin, and Mr. Skittles in the larger one, and between them lay fifty feet of [illegible] and green hillside and an ominous vow of silence.

"Pretty goings on," snuffed Mrs. Skettles to the ceiling

One day Mrs. Skittles was carrying on a vigorous cleaning campaign; she charged down the middle of [illegible] ing, with a figure that had made no concessions to forty years of hard work. She was a veteran in the army of labor, but not from the ranks; Mrs. Skittles had never been in command. Her commands [illegible] in the form of orders, and she marched through life on schedule time, visiting to court-martial all who failed to [illegible].

In her small encampment upon the clearing, there was but one deserter. [illegible] failing in his duties, had been condemned to solitary confinement in the cabin adjoining that of his superior officer. For a living he stripped tobacco, for a diversion he chewed it. He still accepted his rations daily, in a tin bucket, which was carried to him from the mess-room by one of the little Skittles, in return for which he was expected to render obedience to Mrs. Skittles, who, though no word was spoken, used a code of signals at once corrective and harassing.

As she stood at the door of the cabin she shaded her eyes with her hand and looked up the river:

"It must be gittin' 'on to twelve o'clock," she said; "I heard the little Sandy whistle four times since breakfast. Rhoda Ray," she called over her shoulder, "have you seen the children comin' home from the village?"

Rhoda Ray, long and lank, emerged from the bedroom. She had drab skin and weak little drab eyes that looked patiently out from under a mop of drab hair. Her calico dress was cut at the exact slant to display to the worst advantage a pair of knocked knees. Her mother's question seemed to strike her dumb with confusion, not that her lips were sealed; it was a marked characteristic of Rhoda Ray that she never closed her mouth when it was possible to keep it open. After a moment's hesitation she stammered:

"I seen 'em comin' up 'bout a hour ago."

Mrs. Skittles tossed her head angrily. "No use to say no more, Rhoda Ray; I know where they are at."

Throwing a shawl about her shoulders she stalked across the strip of land that divided the two cabins. Before she reached the door she heard shrieks of merriment from within, which served as fuel to the fire of her wrath. On the threshold she paused, an avenging deity about to descend upon the unconscious revelers.

The interior of the room presented an aspect of startling contrasts. In the corner was an unmade cot, covered by an old piece of rag carpet, while beside it stood an imposing self-rocker, upholstered in crimson plush. On the plain wooden walls hung two multicolored chromos, resplendent in wide gold frames, while beneath them stood a stove decrepit with age and general debility.

Mrs. Skittles viewed these objects with increasing ire, for Mr. Skittles be it known, was a chronic victim of the instalment plan, and his utter inability to withstand the allure-

"Is it goin' to be punkin or apple, maw?"

conjugal felicity had been wrecked. [illegible] there wrathfully recalling the past, five ecstatic shrieks recalled the present. On top of the deal table, in the center of the room, five noisy little Skittles were clinging and laughing, and crowding one another, while from under the table Mr. Skittles with his coat tied over his head, made frantic grabs at stray legs and arms emitting dreadful growls and snarling with ferocious intensity.

Suddenly there was a pause. The bear subsided. Bud Skittles slid to the floor and slipped past his mother, while Lottie, Susan and Eddie Jo helped three-year-old Ted down from the table. Only Jinnie was left, sitting cross legged in the center of the table fascinated into immovability by her mother's stony glare.

"Jinnie," exclaimed Mrs. Skittles in awful tones, "you tell yer paw to come right out from under that fool table."

Jinnie obediently repeated the message, and Mr. Skittles clambered forth with as much dignity as his enveloped head and the obstructing table legs would permit. He was a small, slight man, with slanting shoulders, from which his arms dangled in a perpetual state of relaxation. His straggling beard but half concealed the weak mouth where a vacillating smile was ever on the point of breaking through. But if his mouth smiled his eyes belied it, for a more pathetic pair of appealing eyes were never raised to an irate master. He stood now, humbled and dishevelled, as guilty as the children at being caught in mischief.

"Pretty goin's on," sniffed Mrs. Skittles to the ceiling. "Here I be, hustlin' round from sun up to the steamboat whistle, an' you onery children, 'stid of bein' down yonder strippin' terbaccer, a foolin' round here. Clear out everyone of you 'cept Jinnie; she kin stay and clean up this here pigsty." Whereupon, slowly directing her searchlight from the ceiling to Mr. Skittles, she pointed with a long and rigid finger to the unmade bed, to the soiled dishes in the corner, coming to an awful and accusing halt at Mr. Skittles's stocking feet. Then, with a snort of indignation, she backed herself out of the doorway, the children scattering before her like leaves before a whirlwind.

Mr. Skittles, left alone with the plump Jinnie, cautiously closed the door, then sank dejectedly into the plush rocker. Each fresh reprimand from Mrs. Skittles added to his burden of contrition, for, remiss as he had been in other duties, he had never faltered in loyal allegiance to his leader.

Jinnie let herself down from the table and, going to him, put her arm about his neck. "Don't you care," she said recklessly; "I love you heap better than I do maw."

This blasphemy roused Mr. Skittles to protest: "Oh, no you don't, Jinnie, yer maw's a wonderful woman. I never was good enough fer her; her family all said so when we was married. She deserved to git a first-class husband 'stid of me."

"I love you best," insisted Jinnie, hugging his head to her breast.

He patted her cheek tenderly and drew her down in the chair beside him. She snuggled up close and, holding tight to his hand, tried to direct his thoughts to a more pleasant subject.

'Ain't you got any secrets to tell me to-day?" she asked slyly.

Mr. Skittles's face underwent a transformation. The look of dejection gave way to one of sudden interest.

'Well, ef I ain't clean forgot to tell you!" he exclaimed.

Jinnie clapped her hands in delight. "Cross my heart and body, make a big ring and a spot in the middle, I won't tell!"

"Well," said Mr. Skittles, peering anxiously around the side of the chair to see that the door was secure, and sinking his voice to a whisper, "I'm a making a new investment."

"Is it a melojeon, Pa?"

"No," said Mr. Skittles, pursing up his lips with some show of importance

"I can't say it's a melojeon, Jinnie. I was a-hanging between a melojeon an' a writin' dext, as you know. But this here is a new offer; it's a patent an' a combination."

"What is it?" demanded Jinnie impatiently.

"Well," drawled Mr. Skittles, gaining time and courage, "it's a usefu'ler article than a melojeon; it kin be used in the field and in the house, to fetch and carry in the day-time and to set on at night." Mr. Skittles counted off these attractions on Jinnie's fat fingers.

"A bucket?" asked Jinnie incredulously.

"No, madam!" said Mr. Skittles; "it's a guarantee patent easy-cheer an' wheelbarrer."

Jinnie's face fell. "O Pa, why didn't you stick to the melojeon? You don't need no wheelbarrow."

"But the easy-cheer, Jinnie! It sorter folds up inside itself an' looks jes' like a natural cheer, then you turn a peg an' the fus' thing you know ther's a patent wheelbarrer, easy runnin', light as a feather, an' strong as as—ennything."

"Where's it at?"

Mr. Skittles again surveyed the closed door and winked significantly at the woodshed.

Jinnie was silent a moment, wrestling with a new thought. "Say, Pa," she asked, "have you got through payin' fer the clock?"

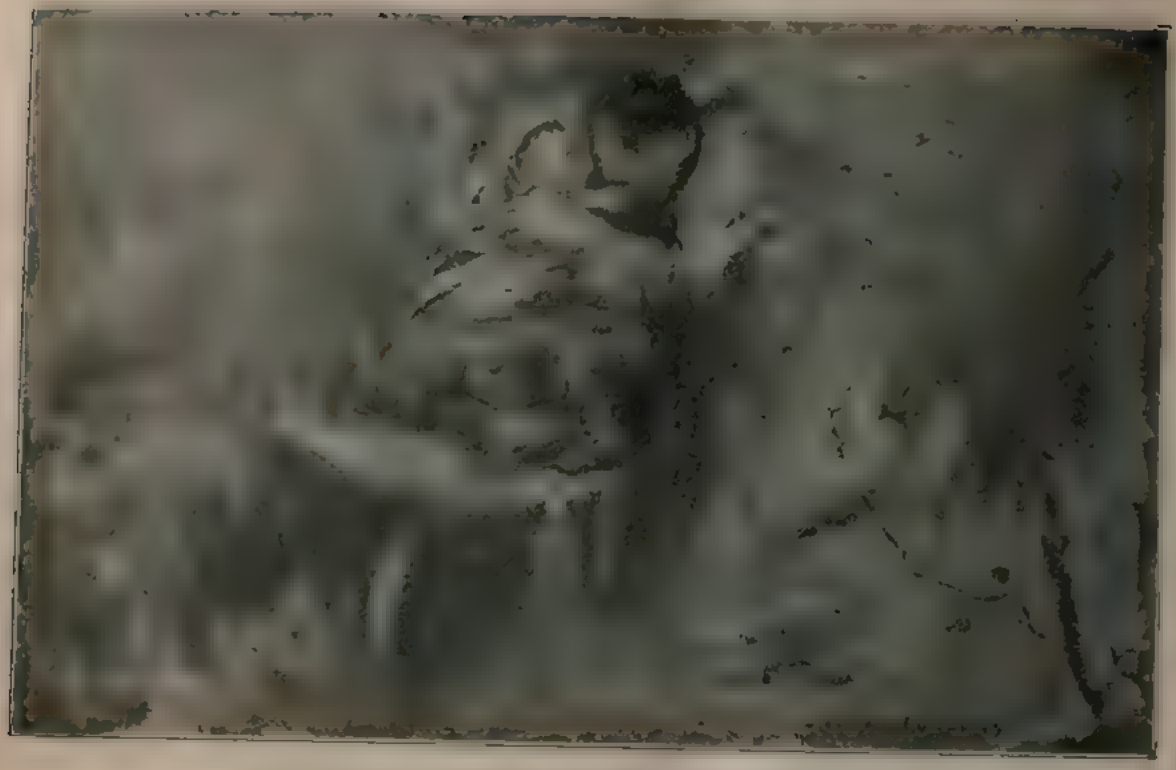
Mr. Skittles's face fell. "Well, no, I ain't quite," he confessed, "but that's with a nother company. It ain't the same thing at all; this here is a new concern, twenty cents a week till you pay up."

"Will they take it away from you, like they did them picture-books?"

"Oh, no. This here is a good, honest concern. The agent said so."

This doubt being removed, Jinnie began to take a lively interest in the wheelbarrow, and Mr. Skittles, encouraged by her sympathy, drew largely upon his imagination in recounting the marvelous possibilities of his new investment. When the dinner bell sounded from the other cabin, Jinnie rose reluctantly. "I 'spect you better spread up yer bed, an' empty out yer [illegible] advised; "it's awful [illegible]

"Find yer gurl Jenk," cried several from the rear



"Jinnie," he called, piteously; "Jinnie, yer ain't dead yit, air ye"

"Four years," said Mrs. Skittles, "apple, lemon, mince, an' punkin."

"Who's a-goin' with you to-night?" Rhoda Ray was emboldened to inquire

Mrs. Skittles held herself erect and spoke with emphasis: "Every single one of you includin' Teddie. Yer paw, Mr. Jenkins Skittles, ain't a person to be trusted with a blind kitten."

This announcement, that the entire family was to be allowed to engage in the festivities of the pie social in a few hours, threw the light brigade into riotous disorder. Sudden joy is as demoralizing as sudden grief, but Mrs. Skittles did not believe in anticipation.

That evening, about dusk, she charged down the hill with her little company. Carried before her, carefully enveloped in napkins, was the sweet potato pie, upon which rested the responsibility of sustaining her reputation as the best cook in the county. Behind her came the little Skittleses, rejoicing in the unusual combination of Sunday clothes and week-day manners.

Mr. Skittles, sitting on the top rail of the fence with his feet hooked under the lowe[illegible] the procession with surprise. H[illegible]uted until Mrs Skittles was well [illegible] advance, then he plucked [illegible] dre[illegible]

"Say," he whispered with excited interest, "where are you all goin' at?"

Rhoda Ray, following the maternal example, tilted [illegible] stalked disdainfully [illegible] he seek information [illegible] children in turn [illegible] intent upon he[illegible] to pause long enough to explain [illegible] object

Mr. Skittles, left alone on the fence, followed the little procession with wistful eyes until the twilight hid it from view. The stick he was whittling dropped from his fingers, his head sank upon his breast; now and then he drew his coat sleeve across his eyes. Deeper and deeper grew the dusk, in a near-by willow a whippoorwill told its troubles to the coming night, still Mr. Skittles, forlorn and deserted, kept silent watch in the lonesome clearing.

Down in the village schoolhouse the merriment ran high. Forty pies stood on a long table at the head of which the Reverend Mr. Zim acted as auctioneer. Around the table stood the bidders, young men and old, the former arrayed for the most part in negligee shirts, frock coats, and satin neckties. The matrons and maids sat around the wall, each one next to a vacant chair, waiting to share their respective pies with whosoever should buy them.

"Here," cried the Reverend Mr. Zim balancing a dome of cocoanut on his hand, and eloquently pointing out its merits, "here is a morsel fit for the gods. Look at that filling, as pure and white as the fallen snow. It[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [

The Gregory Morton Mystery

By Charles Cabot

Illustrated by John Drew

For Synopsis of previous instalments see page 103.

CHAPTER XIX.

WHAT THE MORNING BROUGHT

I TOOK the Doctor's hint quite literally, and with no more preparation for a night's sleep than simply taking off my coat and hanging it over a chair within easy reach, I stretched myself out on the bed.

The next thing I knew I was sitting up in bed wondering where I was, wondering whether what had wakened me was part of an uneasy dream I had been having, or a real outcry. The next moment I was wide awake, out of bed and struggling into my coat, all in the same flash of time, for the cry had come to my ears again.

I flung open my door and encountered Virginia in the corridor.

Without a word we hurried into the room where we had left the doctor. It was empty, but the next moment we saw him bending over Mr. Heatherfield's bed in the adjoining room. He heard the door open, and presently came to the doorway and spoke to us.

"I am sorry you were alarmed," he said; "I don't believe it is anything. Mr. Heatherfield cried out in his sleep, but he appears to have dozed off again. I doubt if it is anything more serious than a bad dream."

"Well," said Virginia, an almost playful note coming into her voice in the revulsion from mere momentary alarm, "you are not going to send us back to bed again, are you? It is morning already."

She glanced toward the window as she spoke. The dawn was indeed already brightening the window-panes. To add force to her argument she extinguished all the candles in the room and drew back the curtains.

"There is one point about which I have no doubt," said the doctor. "The chemical formula for that secret reagent of your father's should not be upon your father's person, or anywhere else where the violence of determined and desperate men can get it. I shall be very much easier when it is safely deposited in the vaults of the Credit Lyonnaise at Paris. If he proves strong enough to travel when he wakes, then he will take it to Paris himself. If he is not, then one of us must go."

Then through the open windows came the pulsing throb of a motor-car. It was coming down the main street of the town, headed in the direction of Tours, not running fast, and presently, from the sound, it became evident that it was going to stop before the entrance to our inn.

As if the stop were to be but momentary, however, the man driving the car threw out his clutch, but did not kill his engine, and we heard a voice cry out in French:

"Look alive in there, somebody! How much farther is it to Tours?"

At the sound of that voice the doctor sprang to the window, then almost as quickly retreated from it. He spoke to me in a voice dry with suppressed excitement:

"Come here, my friend, but come cautiously. I can identify three of the gentlemen in this car. Come and see if you know the fourth."

I approached the window with caution as the doctor bade me. The car I saw was coated white with dust, and two of its tires were flat. They had had a long run that night, and probably a hard one. The first face I saw looking out from the tonneau was the face of Alexander Duggleby. He, of course was not the one the doctor called me to identify. The chauffeur I did not know, nor the man who sat beside him, but the other occupant of the tonneau was the wall-eyed lodge-keeper.

CHAPTER XX

THE AFFAIR IN THE PARCEL-ROOM

THE doctor's eyes were sparkling, and there was a smile on his lips.

"Do you know that fourth man?" said he.

I nodded.

"He's the man who took my picture in the grounds of the chateau yesterday."

"I thought so," he observed. "Well, my friend, we seem to be getting toward the heart of the affair. There they are and here are we."

"Our enemy is shrewder than we thought him," said I. "He has discovered that his real quarry is not in the parcel-room at Tours, but here in the inn at Mettray."

"Well, we shall see," said the doctor. "Now is the time to use our eyes, not our voices. Our friends out there seem to be growing impatient."

Indeed, Morton, if that was his true name, had dismounted from the car and was tugging violently at the inn bell, bawling lustily to the landlord all the while.

"Not exactly the way they would proceed if they meant to take us by surprise," commented the doctor.

"Do you think," I exclaimed in astonishment . . .

I sat wondering what fate had in store for us

think they don't know we are here ?"

The doctor nodded with a smile

"What a situation !" he whispered

What a situation

The ringing and the shouting had at last produced an effect. We heard a window opening below us and a sleepy irritated voice [illegible]

What [illegible]

"How far is it to Tours ?" Morton demanded

[illegible] kilometers, imbecile," said the voice. "Can't you read the sign-post

Morton saw fit to ignore both the epithet and the question, and turning to his friends in the car, entered into what appeared to be a lively discussion, though we could hear none of it

Presently he turned back to the landlord, who had evidently been just on the point of closing his window again

Well," said the traveler, "two flat tires and five o'clock in the morning make even nine kilometers seem too far. Can you make us decently comfortable here ?"

"But most assuredly," said the landlord, becoming affable at once. "Wait just a moment, *monsieur*, while I open the door

"Well, be quick about it," said Morton. "We have been all night coming here from Chartres, and have lost our way a dozen times. I hope your beds are ready

The window beneath us closed with a slam, and then we heard another voice, low but very distinct. Duggleby was speaking for the first time addressing Morton in English

You're a clumsy liar," he said "Why did you explain where we had been ?

Whatever answer Morton may have made I do not know, for the sound of Duggleby's voice coming in through our still open window had an effect alarming as it was unexpected upon the old man

Up to that moment, so Virginia assured us afterward, he had seemed quite unaware of what was going on He was lying quietly on his pillow, his mind totally absorbed by the effort to begin an orderly description of the preliminary processes of his discovery But at the sound of that English voice, the voice of his relentless, remorseless enemy, he started bolt upright in the bed, his eyes staring like those of a man in a nightmare

"The dream !" he gasped. "The dream is coming true !

He turned and began groping wildly under the pillow for his precious envelope, and then everything happened so quickly that it was over before any of us could reach his side. He whispered the words "Too late." and with an inarticulate groan collapsed, face downward, upon the bed

"For a person who calls himself an adventurer you make an extraordinary number of blunders

The suddenness of the shock startled Virginia into a terrified outcry. Then with a gesture of appeal she turned to the doctor, who was bending over the old man almost as soon as she was

The next instant he had turned to me, and motioned me back to my station at the window. I obeyed without a word, hard as it was to resist the impulse to pause for a glance or a word of sympathy to Virginia

Morton, the chauffeur, and the lodge-keeper were all out of the car, pacing nervously up and down before the inn, and occasionally casting glances, which I took to be apprehensive, down the road

Duggleby alone remained in his seat in the tonneau, and I was rather puzzled to account for this fact until I noticed that he was very pale, and presently made out that his hand and forearm were rudely bandaged.

At last the landlord appeared, accompanied by a sleepy porter, whose tardiness he was berating in evident apology for his own.

They sleep like the dead, these servants," he observed. Then turning on the man himself, he exclaimed ferociously

"Come now, great camel that thou art, and take the luggage of these *messieurs* up to the first floor."

"We have not our luggage with us," said Morton, adding, after a second's hesitation: "We had it sent on from Chartres to Tours."

I was about to leave my position at the window when the doctor joined me

"Is it serious ?" I asked.

"Not at all, I think," was the doctor's answer. "I [illegible] opposite [illegible] it. It [illegible] those [illegible] utter [illegible]"

[illegible] while [illegible] window [illegible] the [illegible] We were plainly exhausted, and would, no doubt, sleep several hours, and my plan was simply to seize this opportunity to escape to Paris. I told this to the doctor.

"Out of the question," he said. "If we were going to do that I might as well telegraph Mr. Heatherfield before we start. He must have absolute quiet for a [illegible]

"It is [illegible] about," I muttered gloomily. "If the old man had had another [illegible] As it is, he leaves us helpless."

"Oh, at the worst, it is not bad as that," said he. "It is only a deadlock between [illegible] and the Dugglebys. They [illegible] the contents of that envelope. That is, assuming, [illegible]," he went on, "that Mr. Heatherfield never recovers his powers of speech, and, also, that Christopher [illegible]"

"There is nothing very improbable about that latter assumption," I commented.

"Isn't there?" he asked, the old look of amusement coming into his eyes. "Did you draw no inference whatever from the remark Duggleby made, the very remark which so shocked and horrified our venerable friend here?"

"I am afraid not," I said.

"Well," he rejoined briskly, "this is no time to stand gossiping," and he turned back to his patient.

For two interminable hours we waited. At the end of that time it was apparent [illegible] the shock was passing. The loud, agonized breathing became quieter and the purple suffusion of the face gradually disappeared. At last the doctor looked at his watch:

"I can promise your father his life, at any rate," he said to Virginia. "He is sinking into a perfectly normal sleep which is the best thing he can do. And now is the time to do something for ourselves. The world will wear a different look after we have had breakfast."

I rang the bell, and presently there knocked at the door the same man whom the landlord had summoned from his early morning slumbers to assist in receiving the untimely guests. There was nothing sleepy about him now, however. He fairly bristled with excitement. Thinking he might have some news for us I was about to draw him into conversation, but the doctor took the affair out of my hands.

"An omelet for three," he said, "and coffee. Serve it here as quickly as you can. That's all."

"Yes, *monsieur*," said the man submissively, and he disappeared.

"I had an idea," I ventured, "that he might have told us something we should have found interesting."

"He might, and he will," said the doctor, "when he comes back with the breakfast. He will tell us all the more if he has no idea we are in the least interested."

The doctor rightly estimated his character, as was evident a few minutes later when the man returned. At last he said, in a feeble apologetic sort of way:

"Of course, *messieurs* have heard the news?"

"I dare say we have," said the doctor serenely.

"Pardon, *monsieur*," said the waiter. "I think that is scarcely possible. It only happened last night, and very late."

"Indeed," said the doctor, "what is it? Has the housemaid eloped with the cook?"

"No, *monsieur*," said the waiter, "I am the housemaid myself, and *monsieur* the proprietor, he is the cook."

"Proceed with your news," said the doctor, "I suppose you will be incapable of serving breakfast until you have rid yourself of it."

"It occurred in Tours, *messieurs*, a most astonishing outrage. It happened in the railway station very late at night, when there were but few people, and those but half awake, in the waiting-room. But there might have been a thousand, for these three men showed the cunning and the resource of the devil himself."

"Apaches from Paris, I suppose," said the doctor. "What did they do?"

"No doubt *monsieur* is right," assented the waiter. "One of them appeared at the door of the parcel-room, which at that hour is tended by an old woman. The wicket was unlocked and he entered, fumbling in his pockets as if to find his receipt. A companion of his appeared at that moment in the doorway.

'Come in here,' says the first man, 'I shall find the receipts in a moment and we have no time to waste. It will take this old woman an hour.'

"Whereupon the second man, who had the strength of three, *monsieur*, and the cunning and quickness of the devil, the second man entered the room. At that same moment a third man appeared in the doorway, thus preventing the persons in the waiting-room from seeing what was going on.

"At that the second man, slipping around behind the old woman, seized her, and before she could cry out clapped a handkerchief saturated with chloroform over her mouth and nose. When she became unconscious they selected three or four of the bags and went away. No one knew anything whatever about the affair until in course of time the old woman recovered [illegible]

"Did the old woman make any resistence?" inquired the doctor.

The waiter shrugged his shoulders.

"What could she do against that emissary of the devil?" he said. "She had a pair of scissors in her hand, and with them she struck repeatedly at the hand which was clapped over her mouth and nose, but he minded that no more than pin-pricks."

"By the way," said the doctor, "I suppose they wore masks, these robbers?"

"Not at all, *monsieur*," said the waiter. "They came quite openly as [illegible]"

The doctor yawned.

"Indeed," he said. "That is curious."

An All-Canadian Issue

In recognition of the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Confederation of Canada, which will be celebrated on July 1st, the July issue will be an all-Canadian issue. Among the contributors are Janey Canuck, Madge MacBeth, Tom King, Elizabeth Robbins, R. Goldwin Smith, C.W. Jefferys, Nan Moulton.

CHAPTER XXI

THE CIRCLE IN THE WALL

IT was a relief when the waiter was gone and we found ourselves at liberty to discuss the affair in the light of our own knowledge.

"It was neat," said I

The doctor laughed:

'What would you?" said he "It was the work of M. Duggleby."

"It was he who held the old woman," I observed. "His hand was injured, for I noticed the bandage on it while he sat in the car. He probably minded it more than the waiter seems to think. He is indeed an extraordinary young man."

The doctor pushed back his chair.

"What is it your Shakespeare says: 'Season your admiration for a while'? The person whom I recommend to your immediate and most serious consideration is the young man who calls himself Christopher Morton."

"You seem more skeptical about him than you were last night," said I. "What's the reason?"

"Just a series of inferences," said the doctor. "I will give you the data for them and let you follow them out yourself. Here are the two facts I want you to consider without prejudice:

"First, on their arrival, M. Duggleby allowed himself the luxury of calling this alleged Christopher Morton 'a clumsy liar.' The second fact is that this same Christopher Morton, without even the protection of a mask, was undoubtedly one of the three men who assisted in looting the parcel-room. The only one of the three, in fact, who took a speaking part."

With a bow to Virginia, but without another word to either of us, he retired to the couch at the further end of the room and composed himself for a nap. Sleep was clearly a matter of volition to him, for in less than two minutes his light regular breathing showed that his nap had already begun.

Virginia stole softly into the adjoining room where her father lay, while I sat wondering what fate had in store for us. She returned presently with the word that all was well with him.

"Is it too much to ask you to think aloud, M.—Barras?" she said, "while you are solving this problem the doctor has given you?"

"The solution is so obvious," said I, "that I am ashamed that I did not perceive it without the doctor's help. In the first place the real Christopher Morton, wherever he may be, is a much more considerable person than Alexander Duggleby, which makes it decidedly unlikely that Duggleby would call him a clumsy liar upon so little provocation.

"In the second place, the real Christopher Morton has lived near Tours for many years and has been a prominent figure in the life there. The risk of identification which he would have run in attempting to loot the Tours station would be such as none but a madman would assume.

"On the other hand, if the man who calls himself by that name is an impostor, he is in Duggleby's pay, dependent on Duggleby. If Duggleby chose to call him a clumsy liar, he could not resent it. If Duggleby ordered him to assist in the looting of the railway station he could do nothing but obey. That inference is almost irresistible."

"And is there a further inference to follow that?" she asked rather unevenly. "If he is an impostor, then is not the real Christopher Morton you yourself?"

"I don't know," said I. "It would seem so."

There was a troubled look in her face, but she forced a smile.

"Then you are indeed to be congratulated, *monsieur*," she said. "It is a great name and it means a great place."

But her voice, in spite of the brave words it uttered, could not conceal her pain and disappointment.

"You don't believe," said I, "that the man you knew as Morton Smith may have been the real Christopher Morton?"

She colored vividly.

"I think he would have told me, M. Barras," she said.

She was perilously near revealing the secret that she was trying so hard to hide. In fact, she had revealed it. The doctor was right. The Morton Smith who had so mysteriously disappeared had been her affianced husband.

I knew he had loved her, and that she had owned her love to him in return. I knew I loved her now—Heavens, how I knew it! Every glance from her eyes, every inflection of her voice, went to my head like wine.

Yet, I could not tell her so. With her name "Virginia" singing a wild song in my heart, I must be content to address her as "Miss Heatherfield"—I, who once had held her in my arms, who knew the touch of her lips! And she was calling me "M. Barras!"

To steady myself I rose and began pacing up and down the room.

"Do you remember the story of the Wandering Jew, Miss Heatherfield?" said I. "The man who was condemned never to die, but to wander up and down the face of the earth without a shadow?"

"Yes," she said faintly, "I remember."

"Well," said I, "there is now a true story to tell of the man without a shadow and that story is my own. I am as unsubstantial as light. What if I do not exist in spite of my inferences and deductions and documents—was the man who was looted. That won't give him back to me, won't give me back the only thing that makes a man of him—although I gave it a thousand times. I shall always be unreal, always be a man without a shadow.

At that I suppose my voice began to falter a trifle and I turned back to the window.

"Virginia," I cried. "Do you really care as much as that?"

But I had caught her look in her eyes and they were bright with tears. I gave her no time to make. My self-control which had defied me for a moment, came back

"I had no right to ask that, and I had no right to call you Virginia. Please forget that I did both. I will try not to offend again."

"You had a right to call me Virginia," she said. "You know I care. I could not even—she paused and frankly dried her eyes with her handkerchief. I could not even keep you from seeing that I cared. But whether you ever find your old self or not, one, I trust, can believe that you will be the man you are now, the man to whom I owe my friendship with both hands last night, the man who befriended me and my father yesterday, in spite of the hurt which I had just inflicted upon him—that man casts a shadow, monsieur, a shadow longer than you know."

"And as to calling me Virginia," she concluded, "you may do that if you like. To tell the truth, I am glad you wanted to."

There was silence in the room after that. I dared not trust myself to speak and again resumed my swift nervous pacing back and forth along the bare wall of the room.

I suppose from the first moment of that silence I must have been aware without, in the tumult of my thoughts, pausing to attach any significance to it, that as I passed a certain point in the wall I could always hear a faint murmur of voices.

At last, however, my curiosity took fire, and the next time I came opposite that spot I stopped. It might be nothing more than fancy, but I seemed to recognize the voice of the man who had parleyed with the inn keeper for the man who had called himself Christopher Morton. The wall was papered and I ran my hand lightly over its surface.

Presently I detected a slight unevenness. It was so little as almost to baffle detection, but the thought of one of the amusements of childhood occurred to me, and I took a pencil and began rubbing it lightly back and forth across the fissure.

Virginia by that time was standing

Continued on page 78

Why I Like My Part of Canada

CANADA occupies the largest portion of the North American continent. It affords a wide variety of climates. Within its broad expanse is to be found most every natural resource obtainable north of the tropics.

In the story, *Her Masterpiece* starting in this issue of CANADA MONTHLY, Blanche Gertrude Robbins shows two view-points of our beloved Canada—one from the drawing room of the eastern metropolis, the other from the verandah of the pioneer's cottage in the great, new west.

What is *your* view point of Canada—*your* part of Canada? Why do you like your part of Canada best? What are the factors that, to your mind, make your part of Canada a better place in which to live and labor and enjoy life than any other portion of this great Dominion?

Much as you like your part of Canada you would be interested in knowing what other people in other parts of the Dominion think of their part of the country. The Editor therefore extends a full invitation to all our readers to send us short sketches, running from 300 to 500 words, written on this general subject *Why I Like My Part of Canada.*

The best of these sketches will be printed in future issues of CANADA MONTHLY, for each of which we will pay the authors $5. If you are enthusiastic about your part of Canada, write about it and send us your sketch by an early date

The Editor
CANADA MONTHLY,
Toronto, Ontario

"The Song of the Dead"

By J. H. M. Abbott

("Large numbers of Australian and New Zealand volunteers are abroad ... on the water bound for Vancouver, en route to Europe." —*Item of War News*)

O!I, Land of Ours, hear the song we make for you—
Land of yellow wattle bloom, land of smiling Spring—
Hearken to the after words, land of pleasant memories,
Shea-oaks of the shady creeks, hear the song we sing.
For we lie quietly, underneath the lonely hills,
Where the land is silent, where the guns have ceased to boom,
Here we are waiting, and shall wait to Eternity
Here on the battle-fields, where we have found our doom.

Life that we might have lived, love that we might have loved
Sorrow of all sorrows, we have drunk thy bitter lees.
Speak thou a word to us, here in our narrow beds—
Word of thy mourning in lands beyond the Seas.
Lo, we have paid the price, paid the cost of Victory.
Do not forget, when the rest shall homeward come—
Mother of our childhood, sister of our manhood's days,
Loved of our heavy hearts, whom we have left alone

Spare not thy pity. Life is strong and fair for you—
City by the waterside, homestead on the plain.
Keep ye remembrance, keep ye a place for us
So all the bitterness of dying be not vain
Oh, be ye mindful, mindful of our honor's name,
Oh, be ye mindful, mindful of our love for you!
For we have died for you; for we have died for you
Yea, we have given, we have given of our best.

Hark to the guns—pause and turn, and think of us—
Red was our life's blood, and heavy was the cost.
But ye have Nationhood, but ye are a people strong
Oh, have ye love for the brothers ye have lost?
Oh, by the blue skies, clear beyond the mountain tops,
Oh, by the dear, dun plains where we were bred,
What be your tokens, tokens that ye grieve for us,
Tokens of your Sorrowing for me that be Dead?

SOLDIER GIRL

By Betty Parker

Illustrated by Katherine Southwick

A TENSE stillness pervaded the Welby's cosy sitting-room, and one would need to search the twilight corners to detect its three keenly alive occupants; white faced Rachel, whose big hurt eyes stared straight ahead into the shadows, seeing therein visions of the awful, glorious days so soon to be: athletic Bob Fulton, with the light of high purpose illuming his plain, strong features; and, altogether out of place in such a solemn setting, a small Irish terrier lay neglected in his mistress' beruffled lap.

Faint summer whisperings stole through the unlit windows, wringing from the heart of lonely puppyhood a long, insistent wail. Whereupon the girl aroused

"Oh Terry boy," she cried, snatching the atom to a close embrace, "our Bobbie's going a-hunting—to get a nice fat German skin to wrap his precious honor in."

Here her strained jocularity broke in hysterical sobs, and Bob came down from the clouds to comfort her

Gently, but very deliberately, the intruding third party was lifted by the scruff of his soft neck and deposited outside the nearest window with a lump of sugar for solace. The same hand turned on a green-shaded light and drew the heavy blinds. Then, with all the world shut out, and Rachel in his arms, Bob spoke

"The parting will be mighty hard, I know, honey. Nevertheless 'I could not love thee dear, so much, loved I not honor more.' You see Rae, we've been soldiers for generations back, and many a Fulton lies buried on the field of battle. Dad says he'd enlist to-morrow were it not for his duty toward me and to the business which is my inheritance Its sure rough on us two, girlie, and rougher on you than me; but think of the thousands of gray-haired mothers, stricken wives and helpless kiddies whose accusing eyes I'd have to meet were I to stand back now. I, who so proudly wore the king's uniform in piping times of peace, am not willing to allow their civilian sons and husbands and fathers to fight for the empire in my stead when the real call comes."

She would sit gazing out of her window long after the last soldier had disappeared from view

A tear-filled voice came, muffled, from his damp shoulder.

"Don't Bobbie dear. The nobler I find you are, the more I'm going to miss you"

Impulsively slipping to his knees at the feet of his weeping divinity, Bob implored seriously,

"Send me forth to battle in your name, fair lady, wearing your colors that I may meet the foe more valiantly, and, if need be, die more gladly.'

Despite the hot rebellion in her poor bruised heart, the girl quickly loosened a little bow of pale ribbon from her dainty dress, and stooping, pinned it inside a khaki pocket

"Sir knight," she uttered steadily, "go, and God be with you." And, tremblingly hesitant, then firmly, "May every man who serves his flag be sent as cheerfully as I send you."

Suddenly the modern fiancee triumphed over medieval heroine, and the top of Robert's smooth brown head received a briny baptism.

During the three swift months that followed, when hemming and knitting kept her nimble fingers busy, Rachel grew to love and to dread the sound of bugle and drum, of the tramp of well-trained feet, and the ever present lilt of Tipperary. The marching column fascinated her and she would sit gazing out of her window long after the last soldiers had disappeared from view. They snapped all sorts of pictures on the film of her sensitive imagination—vivid portrayals of courage, hope and conquest, or of misery, fear and death.

Sometimes, to drown overwhelming thought, rythm came to her aid, and having evolved a convenient ditty, she stuck to this tenaciously, hemming and

knitting the while; for only rarely were her lover's hours free, and Mrs. Welby took no interest in the war.

"I can't make head nor tail of it," she complained, "so what's the use?"

Hence the necessity for the ditty, worn threadbare to the click of hurrying needles

All the lads are off to war
Who are brave enough or fit,
And all the lassies stay at home
To knit, and knit, and knit.

All our lads sail overseas
To do their loyal bit;
So all their lassies sit alone
And knit, and knit, and knit.

The day of Captain Fulton's departure came as a blow, despite foreknowledge, and Rachel could scarcely believe herself to be the trembling, tongue-tied thing she was at the crowded depot, where nothing in the universe seemed real save Bob—he and she surrounded by a very nightmare of uniforms, waving handkerchiefs, and queer bewildering voices, out from among which her, the one, rose clearly,

"Yours is the bigger, braver part, my dearest. Goodbye, soldier girl." With a hasty farewell kiss, and a fine military salute, he was gone to board the [illegible] coach, and Mrs. Welby took her quiet, tearless daughter [illegible] to an empty life

"School ma'aming," as she briefly termed it, had been Rachel's vocation before her engagement to the son of a wealthy manufacturer, and to this employment she now returned, heedless of an unwise mother's indignation

"It's like this, mother mine," she explained dutifully, "with each glimpse I catch of the lovely gifts Bob made me in our care-free days, or of the treasured trousseau almost finished, every pang returns afresh, and I—want Bob—so much. "Therefore," with a gulp and a sorry smile, "I've decided that its best to be up and doing till the war is over."

To these circumstances many an embryo Napoleon and budding Boadicea owes his or her future insight into the present great struggle, and will sometime bless the patient, brown-eyed teacher "Whose beau has went to war," as one delighted youngster phrased it

From the far front came constant tales of desperate fighting; fearful slaughter; brave news to-day; uncertainty to-morrow; till the soul of a sore-tried nation grew sick with its breathless waiting. Then Langemarcke and the lengthening roll of honor, when Canada's devoted sons product of field and shop, office and college, untried but ever dauntless, performed deeds of valor which have made a whole world stare and which are destined to provide a theme for the eager pen of unborn poet and historian

At fateful Langemarcke Bob received the wounds which won him life-long distinction, though debarring him from further service with the righteous allied cause

After weeks of careful nursing in beautiful, bleeding France, he was invalided back to England, where Rachel promptly joined him, realizing the broken man's need of some close friend to ease the slow recovery. One morning, as they sat alone in the charming room of a private mansion dedicated to the use of disabled officers, she coaxed him to tell her all about it for the wounded man remained strangely reticent on the subject of his hurts and concerning his participation in epoch-making battle

A long, uncertain pause ensued, then, settling himself lower in the steamer chair, Bob commenced slowly,

"Well honey, something had to be done and we did it, losing many a splendid fellow in the doing," and his voice faltered.

"But Bob, that isn't telling anything." She noticed the look in his memory-haunted eyes and concluded hastily, "It's about yourself I'm hungering to hear."

"Oh, he laughed faintly," that's easy. I simply went into it with the rest of them and came off better than most. Apart from the loss of a left arm, not much of a consideration these

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"With each glimpse I catch of the lovely gifts Bob made me in the care-free days every pang returns afresh"

Mother Alberta on The Job

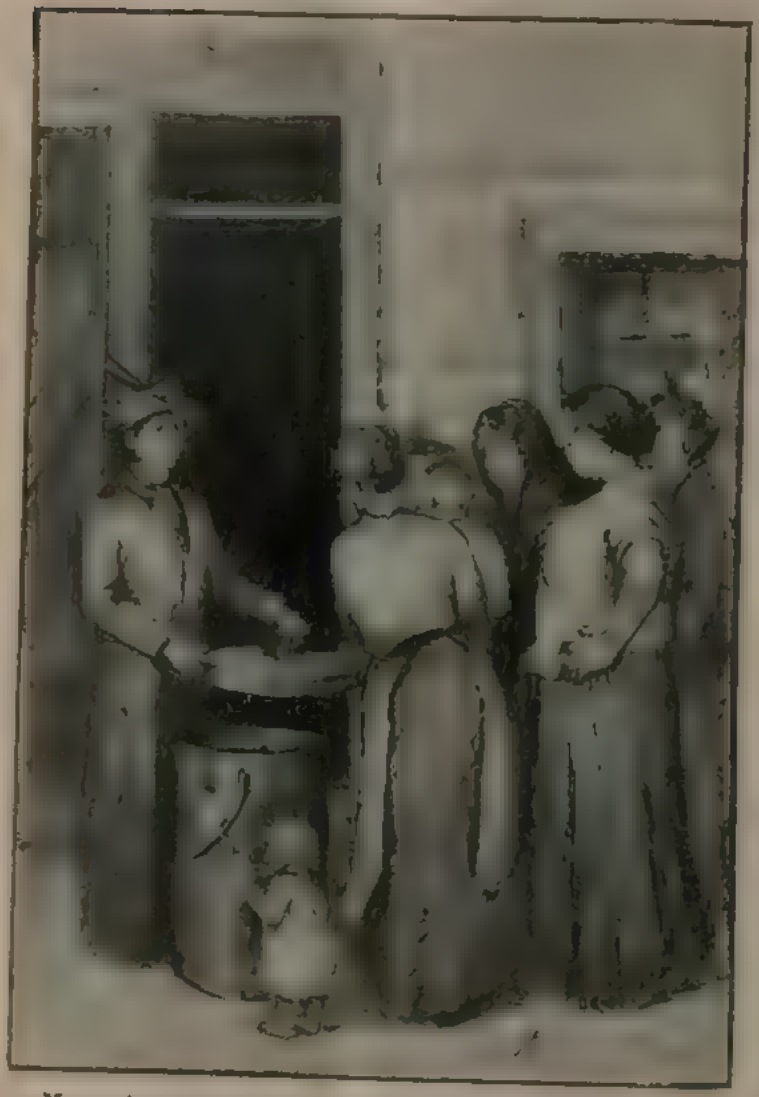
THE STORY OF RESCUE WORK AMONG CHILDREN, IN THE FIRST PROVINCE IN THE DOMINION TO EMPLOY WOMEN AS GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS IN PROBATION WORK

By Miriam Elston

Illustrated by Marian Long

THE Fergusons, husband and wife, died on a homestead, in an almost uninhabited part of Alberta, many years ago. It is still isolated, for its nearest railway station is sixty miles away, but it is no longer so sparsely settled And the Ferguson family no longer consists only of husband and wife. There are five olive branches to gather around the table.

But meals where the family all sit down to the board are little known in that household. John Ferguson is intermittent in his habits. Some weeks he is engaged in work about his farm, and expects Kate to spread him a meal three times a day, which he eats to the accompaniment of a shrill tirade of abuse exchanged between himself and his wife. The older children, who have learned that to get in the way at such moments is likely to draw down upon their heads the wrath of either, or both, parents, cower in the corners, until the storm subsides, when the father leaves the house. Then they grab hungrily for the scraps of food which the mother throws to them before she starts on a sojourn to some congenial spirit who is willing to spend the rest of the day reviling John Ferguson. The youngest child, an ill-developed, ailing infant of ten months, is tagged along on these visits



Many a lesson in hygiene or sanitation is taught by the probation officers in connect on with their other duties

ONE day, when both parents are absent, a kindly-spoken man calls at the home, and inquires for the parents, but can obtain from the children no definite idea of their whereabouts Later in the day he locates John Ferguson at the home of a neighbor, and, after intimating his desire for a private conversation, discloses the fact that he is an employee of the Government deputed to investigate cases of child neglect.

John Ferguson is inclined to bluster. He'll look after his own affairs, and take care of his own children as suits himself. He lays heavy stress on the fact that the children are his.

But the man has a convincing way of putting things, and John Ferguson, getting uneasy, sees fit to shift the blame on his wife's shoulders Kate is sent for, and the man again gives some facts with force and clearness.

The parents are startled. They didn't know the Government had such powers as this man claims But he states definitely that if they don't take reasonable care of their offspring, their offspring will cease to belong to them. The Government wishes every child to have a fair start in life, and holds itself responsible for providing it if the parents fail to do so. And Kate, careless, slatternly, quarrelsome Kate, tightens her arms around her baby as she realizes the possibility of losing him, and the protective instinct of motherhood stirs within her as it has never done before. She looks at John standing near, no longer assuming an air of bravado, but stricken with shame, and she forgets her quarrel with him.

THE stranger leaves with a promise from the parents of an improvement in home conditions, and the family, a few hours later, sit down together to a good substantial meal. The children, awed by a change of atmosphere, speak only in whispers, and Kate and John are silent.

Soon the neighbors notice a radical change in the Ferguson home, but they can only surmise its cause. The Department of Neglected Children shuns publicity, whenever possible, and though the Inspector visits the home at intervals, no one in the neighborhood recognizes him, and he is careful not to announce himself. He is working for results, not for records for the Department, and he knows that such a reform as he is seeking to effect is

sometimes frustrated by the light of publicity.

But it is not always possible for the Department to work quietly. Take the case of the Smiths. Their children were not so badly cared for in some ways as were the Ferguson children, but the parents were immoral. The Department not only has to know this, but must prove it. It took months of unceasing effort to gather absolute proof, but when the Department had it the woman Probation Officer, with an escort from the Mounted Police, went out and rescued an infant and two little girls, who comprised the family. As is often the case the mother as well as the father were victims of John Barleycorn. The Judge of the Juvenile Court saw fit, on hearing the evidence, to proclaim the children the wards of the Government. Many a lesson in hygiene or sanitation is taught by the Probation Officers in connection with their other duties. It is fairly well understood in Canada that parents are amenable to the law if they do not provide for their children, or if they abuse them, but, however it may be in other parts of the Dominion, in Alberta it is not universally understood that parents are responsible to the Government for the moral atmosphere of the home. This is partly because no other Province of the Dominion has adopted so broad a definition of the term "neglected child," nor has any other Province levelled its definition so directly at covering all chance of moral contamination of the child. While Alberta in adopting a law followed closely the Ontario Children's Protective Act it took this one step in advance of the older Province

Another notable difference in Alberta's Act is a clause requiring all municipalities of five thousand population or over to build a Shelter and maintain a staff who receive and care for children who have been rescued from undesirable conditions

The staffs of the different Shelters are composed of trained nurses, and the children, many of whom are suffering the ill effects of neglect and mal-nutrition, are given scientific treatment. The children are thoroughly examined at once by a medical man, and all physical defects and ailments are treated. This has been possible only through the extreme kindness of the medical fraternity throughout the Province

On a sojourn to some congenial spirit who is willing to spend the rest of the day reviling John Ferguson

As is often the case, the mother was a victim of John Barleycorn

It is a rule that a child may not remain in the Shelter for a longer period than three months, but the rule is elastic, for some children are suffering from illnesses which cannot be corrected within that time, and no child is sent out suffering from an ailment

But let us return to the case of the Smith children. The Woman Probation Officer who had taken them to the Juvenile Court returned with them to the Shelter, and left them in the care of the white-aproned nurses. The baby, made comfortable by the nurse in charge, lay on a pillow in a little white cot in the Infant's Dormitory, [illegible] exchanging neighborly babblings with a mothless little barn on the pillow beside him. The little girls sat down to supper in the neat dining-room, and sat together on one side of one of the many tables, and peered shyly at the little faces that looked at them from the other three sides of the table. It was all [illegible] they were too shy

Later [illegible] white [illegible] cots in the

just got to sleep. Her jaws of white ... its showing up in the faint light ... looked so weird ... window ..., feeling the troubled sobs ... her younger sister, threw ... around her; and when ... sobbed herself to sleep ... with Nellie's pillow. ... had troubled their lives. They ... it but nevertheless ... felt it. The mother who clings to the life of the underworld rather than to her children was a problem past their solving.

But childhood, surrounded by kindness, soon yields to its influence. On the morrow they talked shyly with their neighbors across the table, and there were no tears at bedtime.

Being free from serious physical ailments, it is not long before the Smith children leave the Shelter. In the Department there is filed a long list of applications for children, so many in fact that the Department may pick and choose among them. The Department has high ambitions concerning the foster homes of its wards. Its ideal is a pair of motherly arms to shield each child, and a home where the atmosphere is morally clean. Three such homes being selected, the Smith children are placed. But the Department has not washed its hands of responsibility. Reports are required at stated intervals, and at least once a year an Inspector visits the home. If a child appears unhappy he is removed and another home found for him.

Miss Annie M. Jackson, appointed by the city of Edmonton as Woman Probation Officer, was the first woman to hold office in the Department. She has the distinction of being the first Woman Probation Officer in the Dominion. Following closely this appointment was that in the fall of 1912, of a woman as Provincial Probation Officer. Later still Calgary appointed a Woman Probation Officer and this ... Mrs. ... Mr. ... the Juvenile Court ... women to hold ... tions in the Dominion. ... monton, in the summer of 1916 followed Calgary's example, and Mrs. Arthur Murphy ... became Judge of the Juvenile Court of Edmonton, and, at the same time, Police Magistrate, she being the first woman Magistrate in Canada.

It was a happy day in the history of the Department when women were appointed to this work, for some of it can be done much better by women than by men, particularly the work amongst delinquent and dependent girls in their teens. These, when made wards, remain under the supervision of the Woman Probation Officers, who act in the capacity of friend and adviser. The woman Judges handle the cases of all girls who come up, and give a more sympathetic hearing than a man could.

It has been my privilege to attend a session of the Juvenile Court, and to see not only "His Worship" but also "Her Worship" on the bench. The first case was that of two girls of fifteen and sixteen, who, insufficiently controlled at home, were gradually being absorbed into the life of the street. The mothers, well meaning, moral women, told their stories of how they had failed in controlling their daughters. The fathers were not present, as one was serving his country in the firing-line, and the other had been months away on a survey. The girls were the eldest of the family in each case, and each had several younger brothers and sisters.

The evidence given revealed the usual fate of the young girl who is allowed to roam the streets unprotected at night. A friendly woman, with an automobile asked them to help make up a party for a joy-ride, and they accepted, the result being their introduction into the underworld.

During the progress of the trial the name of the woman of the automobile was given, and it took me back five years, when, for a couple of months, I lived next door to this woman, then only a girl in her late teens. A drunken father frequently came home and beat the mother and two daughters. The mother, a kindly and moral, but weak woman, allowed her daughters a dangerous latitude. There was plenty of money, but nevertheless the girls were sadly neglected. If a Woman Probation Officer had taken hold of the situation a few years before that time the girls might have been saved from the life into which they had drifted. But, alas, there were no Woman Probation Officers in those days.

The evidence showed that in less than a month this woman had been the direct cause of leading four girls astray. Surely, I thought, this is a rather bitter fruitage from one neglected case.

But the day of better things is here. After hearing the evidence "Her Worship" pronounced sentence. The girls were made the wards of the Government.

The second case to come up before "Her Worship" was much more hopeful. Two little girls, of eleven and thirteen years, had been brought in from an outlying district. The mother was dead, and the father had ill treated them. While he sat by the fire they had been sent out to attend to the stock. Their ragged clothing was insufficient to protect them from the bitter weather, and they had suffered frost-bites. They had never had a chance to attend school. Finally the

Mrs. Arthur Murphy, Judge of the Juvenile Court at Edmonton, and the first woman magistrate in Canada

Continued on page 90

Current Events in Review

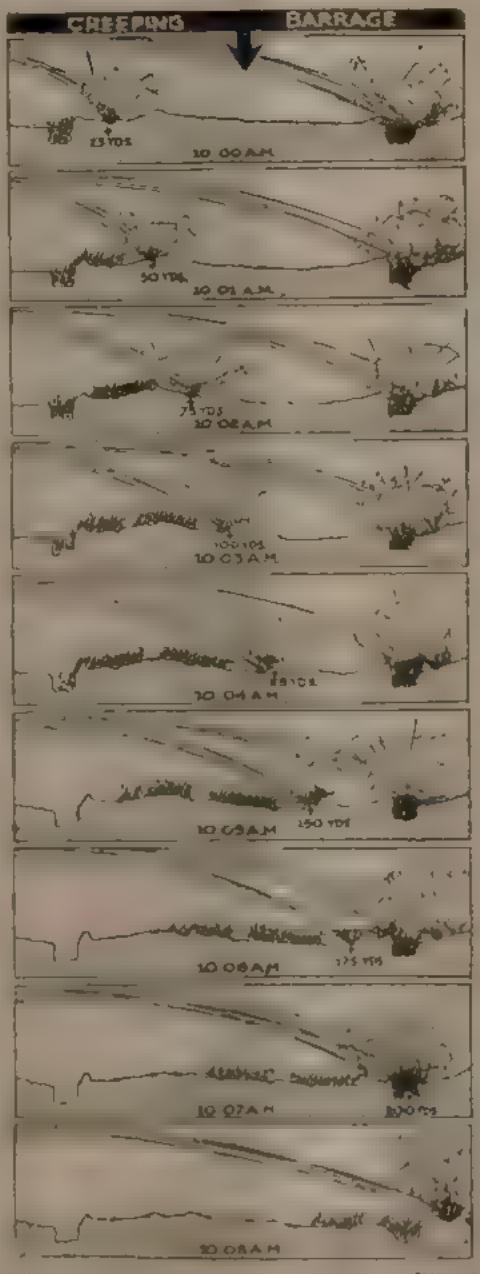
Comments by the Leading Canadian and British Press and Periodicals Upon Affairs of Interest in the Dominion and Empire

A Great Man and a Great Mission.

THE selection of the Right Hon. Arthur James Balfour, foreign secretary, to represent Great Britain in the war conference at Washington might be regarded as an inspiration, if what is so obviously the right thing to do can be regarded as a stroke of genius. He is the one man of all outstanding statesmen in the government peculiarly fitted for the task. Mr. Asquith as a parliamentarian and leader of men probably towers over Mr. Balfour in political penetration and sheer force of character, but he is not of the government. Viscount Bryce understands the American character and institutions as no one else can pretend to do, and commands the respect and admiration of every citizen of the republic. But Mr. Balfour adds to a powerful intellectuality, diplomatic attainments of the highest order, unusual erudition, eloquence unapproachable and a charm of manner that appeals universally.

To all his parliamentary attainments he adds ripe scholarship, and is evidenced by his books on emancipated intellect of the highest order. Nor has the charm of this mundane existence been lost upon him as is [illegible] Beauty." The studious, as apart from the philosophic side of his many-sided nature, is evidenced in his "Reflections Suggested by the New Theory of Mat-[illegible]

His present mission will bring into play his deeply philosophical caste of mind, his mastery of all the arts of diplomacy, his unmatched eloquence, and, last but not least, his social qualities and sportsmanlike instincts which help to form a close bond of union with all the great personages with whom his mission will bring him in contact. He will be as popular as was Lord Elgin at Washington in the fifties, with this addition that as the embodiment of the [illegible] sent he will receive the unstinted admiration and support of a great and proud nation, carried to a high point to patriotic enthusiasm and determined to devote every energy to the prosecution of this most just of all wars in the cause of freedom.—*Victoria Sun.*



The moving curtain of artillery-fire. Timed to the second to keep just ahead of the advancing infantry [illegible]

A New "United States."

WHEN Hall Caine writes, apropos of the entry of America into the war to uphold the cause for which Great Britain is fighting, that the new partnership of nations it signalizes may be described as the United States of Great Britain and America, he indulges somewhat in an artist's license. And yet the significance of the occasion, its importance for the future in everything that has to do with the progress of mankind and the promotion of peace, may well make us pause and wonder at the mighty forces which are hammering and welding the human race, and may make us ask whether, after all, there will not be such unity of purpose in this new alignment of the English-speaking races as to make a United States of Great Britain and America a practical reality.

One good thing which has come out of this war is the fact that it has consolidated the British Empire as possibly nothing else could have done. It has now consolidated the English-speaking races. The enthusiastic reception given Mr. Balfour in Washington signalizes the reconciliation of the United States and Great Britain after these two great branches of one family had been estranged for nearly a century and a half. That is an event of the first magnitude, pregnant with meaning for the whole future of civilizatio

Well may Hall Caine wri[illegible] ing at how the mighty [illegible] "strike us down to our knee[illegible] altar of Him whose kingdom is eternal righteousness," and make him rem[illegible] how on an occasion of such a reconciliation, as at birth, at marriage, and at death, it was but natural that a religious service should be held, and that people should "come humbly to His footstool remembering only the fragility of our poor human life and the immutability of Him to whom a thousand years are as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night." — *Montreal Herald*

The Folks at Home

HERE we are attending to our [illegible]ry business, making our jest taking our pleasure, looking after small details of work and play, apparently calm of mind and cool of judgment While we speak and laugh, the greatest battle of history is raging in France Men are dying by thousands. Every day there is a Waterloo. The air is full of fighting, man-ridden birds. The seas are crowded with murderous engineery and many merchant ships go down.

Some people say that we are imperturbable, despite it all. They contrast our feeling to-day with our feeling at the destruction of the Titanic. They tell us that the loss of 1,600 lives was such a shock to the nerves of the public that a distinct effect was noticeable in business and in amusement. They ask why we are calm to-day and denounce our frivolity.

Perhaps that frivolity, when it appears, is assumed. The casualty lists have an influence that no man can measure. Scarcely a family is without its grief or its dull regret. Yet one must make a show of calmness. How do our people behave when they are alone? What are their thoughts? Is the war ever out of their mind? Is their loss dismissed as nothing? How is it possible for them to retain the appearance of cheerfulness and wellbeing?

One reason may be that our minds have become accustomed to horrors. Nature's device to prevent us from going mad. It is unprofitable to resist this mental stiffening against shock. No advantage can come to our armies by eternal head-shaking or perpetual sighs. "Why should the children of a King go mourning all their days?" is a pertinent question even in war-time Our men have gone. Many of them will not return. Those who remain sturdy in the battle-line are depending upon the sanity and steadiness of the folk at home. Let us have done with hysteria, with querulous wondering if it be right to smile, to be cheerful, to work, or to play. The very act of being normal in such activities will steady us against calamity and help us to bear our burdens.—*Toronto News*

Joffre to the United States.

A TRANSLATION of Marshal Joffre's statement, issued through the State Department, was expurgated and did not contain vital passages relating to the Marshal's previously known desire for the presence of an American force in France. The translation follows:

"The very cordial welcome given me by the city of Washington, and the expressions of sympathy which reached me from States and cities throughout the United States, have moved me deeply, since they are a homage paid to the whole French army, which I represent here.

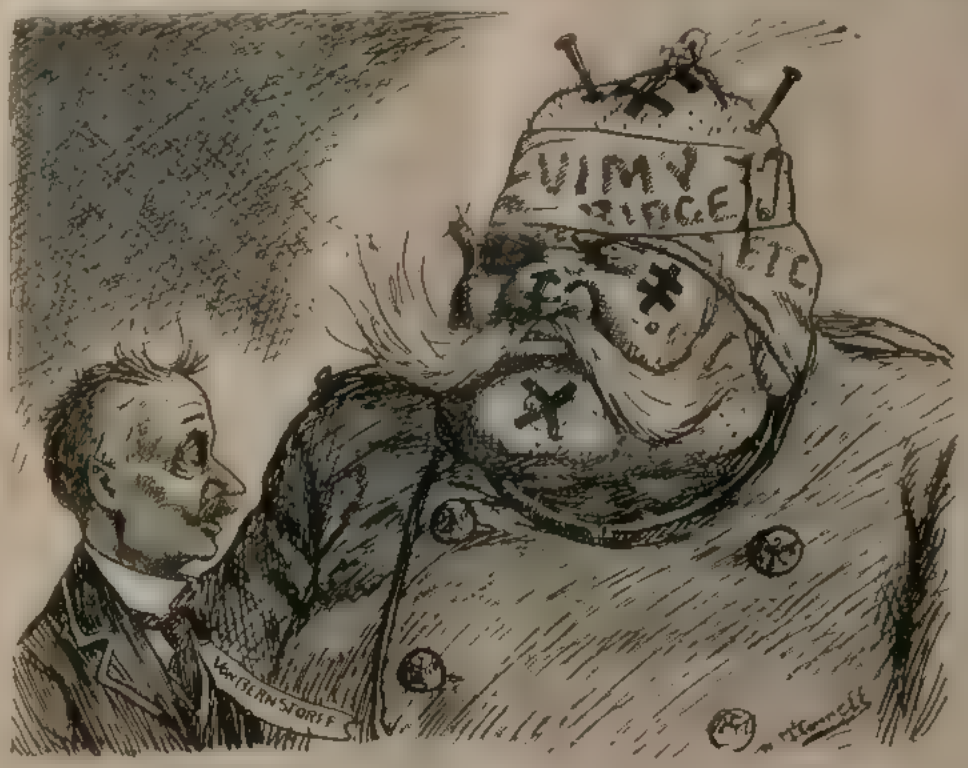
"The heroism and resolution of the soldiers of France indeed deserve all the affection the United States has shown them. After having in a supreme effort defeated and thrown back a barbarous enemy, the French army has untiringly labored to increase and perfect its efficiency. And now, in the third year of the war, it is attacking the enemy with greater vigor and material force than ever before

"Side by side with it, and animated by no less heroic spirit, stands the British army, whose formation and development will ever remain the admiration of the world The Germans have realized its wunderful growth. Every encounter has made them feel the increasing menace of its strength. The contempt they pretended to feel for it in the early days of the war has gradually become a dread more openly avowed each day.

"Led by its illustrious President, the United States has entered into this war. By the side of France in the defence of the ideals of mankind, the place of America is marked.

"France, which has long recognized the valor of the American soldier, cherishes the confident hope that the flag of the United States will soon be unfurled on our fighting lines. This is what Germany dreads

"France and America will see with pride and joy the day when their sons are once more fighting shoulder to shoulder in the defence of liberty. The victories which they will certainly win will hasten the end of the war and will tighten the links of affection and esteem which have ever united France and the United States."



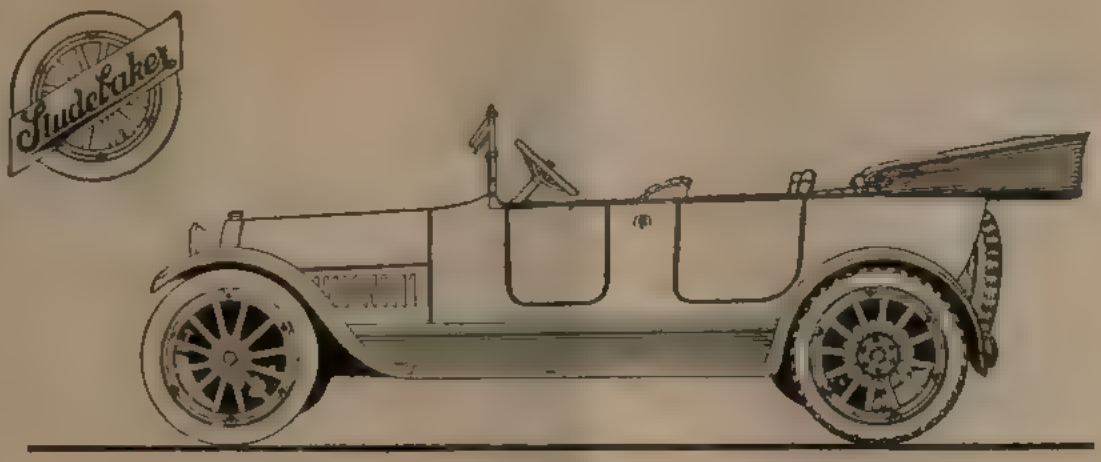
Von Hindenburg: "Iss dose United Statesers relation any to der Canadians, vot?"—*Toronto News*

After a German Retreat.

AN orgy of destruction seems to occur each time the Germans take another step in their "retreat to victory," as the Berlin *Lokal Anzeiger* cheerily terms it. French and British correspondents entering the evacuated cities find them, they aver, desolated by systematic wrecking "undertaken not for any military advantage, but from a degenerate lust for destruction," says the London *Evening News*. Writing in the Paris *Matin*, Mr. L. Bugnicourt, director of the *Journal de l'Aisne*, says:

"It is necessary to show the world how the Germans have laid waste the country which they have evacuated. Chauny is nothing more than a heap of lath and plaster and walls burned black. Out of 2,500 houses over 1,800 have been destroyed by fire. The two churches of St. Martin and Notre Dame, the Palaise de Justice, the Ecole Primaire, the hospital, almshouses, and Hotel de Ville are no more. Only ten

Continued on page 88



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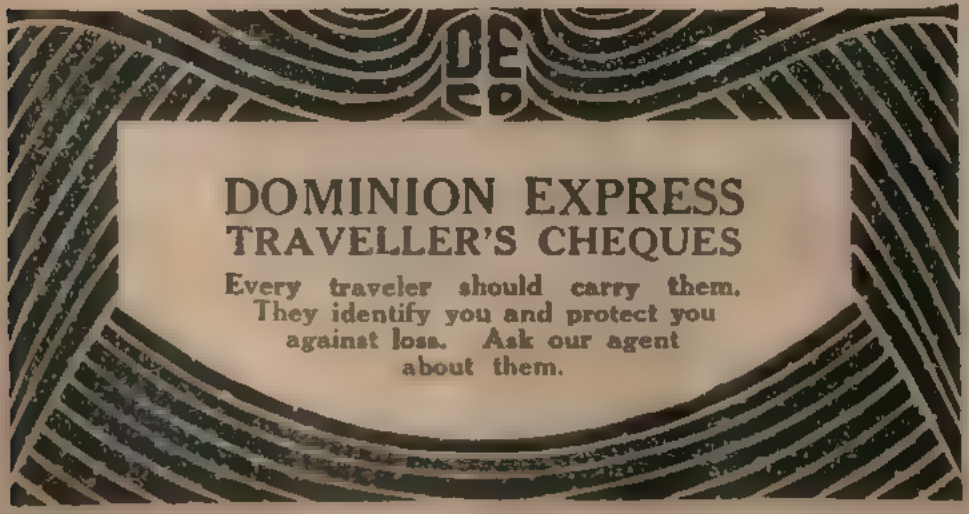
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Politics and Politicians

Continued from page 65.

ment expropriating the Ross Rifle factory.

An Order-in-Council, which granted the Western people their long-desired boon of free wheat, was made just before parliament came back, and if it did not entirely head off, it certainly blunted and took the heart out of a long debate for which the Western Liberals have been getting ready ever since parliament was called together last January.

The length and character of the present session is altogether dependent upon whether or no there is to be an extension of the parliamentary term. Such an extension would of course postpone the Dominion election until the fall of 1918. The government is practically pledged not to bring on an election in wartime unless forced to do so by the refusal of the Opposition to join in requesting an amendment to the B. N. A. Act which would extend the life of parliament for another year The formal motion for an address to the Crown asking for such an amendment to the B. N. A. Act will be moved by the Prime Minister and it will receive united support from the followers of the government. Some Liberals undoubtedly want an election, but they are by no means unanimous.

But there is a growing belief that a Dominion election will be in some way averted, and that parliament will give itself another lease of life. Parliament is becoming a self-perpetuating body, and to a good many members this self-perpetuating faculty is truly a gift of the gods. Many members of the present House will never come back no matter how the elections turn out; they are therefore well-pleased to stay where they are, as it costs neither money nor effort

Indications point to early elections in Alberta and Saskatchewan, which, I am told, will be largely fought out on provincial issues. Premier Sifton is said to be stronger in Alberta than is Premier Martin in Saskatchewan, but in neither province is there an outstanding leader of the Opposition. In Saskatchewan the two political parties vie with each other in trying to capture the grain growers' vote, and they are promising everything which has been accomplished, or may be accomplished, by the embattled farmers of North Dakota.

In other provinces there are scandals and investigations from New Brunswick to British Columbia inclusive, but generally speaking the legislative sessions are over. The exception is in New Brunswick, where the newly elected Legislature assembled on May 10th.

Business vs. Booze

Continued from page 68

posits in banks show remarkable increases as compared with the months previous to that date.

The writer challenges anyone to make a comprehensive inquiry at grocery stores and discover the change in the buying-power of householders. The corner grocer is in a position to trace cause and effect, and he is emphatic as a witness of the economic benefits of the banishment of the bar. The volume of sales has increased, bills have been paid more promptly, and luxuries are available for certain families, who did without them before. It may be interesting for the reader to verify these statements.

The writer interviewed officials of large piano firms and furniture emporiums in Toronto which do a good deal of business on a credit basis. When informed that the volume of sales had increased materially since the 16th of September, the writer inquired as to the causes for this. Here also war wages were a factor, but officials of these establishments stated unhesitatingly, that more buying was done and payments were more prompt, because booze was no longer an economic factor in thousands of city homes.

One of the embarrassing conditions of a "wet" Ontario was its relation to efficiency of labor. In manufacturing plants this was especially noticeable. It is so easy to theorize regarding the effects of such measures as Prohibition that one is inclined to be skeptical with regard to the alleged indirect effects of Prohibition until he sees for himself. When manufacturers speak with emphasis of the improved conditions at their own plants since September 16th 1916, what can we do but believe? The detrimental effect of booze on workmen, especially skilled mechanics, ate heavily into profits of large concerns. "Blue Monday" was a grim reality. Of course week-end carousers were a minority in all establishments. Nevertheless, plant foremen were aware how many men failed to get into their normal stride until Tuesday of each week.

Total Prohibition.

THE Province of Ontario has Prohibition, but not total prohibition. Liquors are still manufactured within the province and they may be imported. The question is, therefore, pertinent as to whether, after an extended trial of limited Prohibition, the Province should adopt absolute Prohibition. As a beverage intoxicating liquors have been tried and condemned by public opinion. Is there a use for liquors? That is a more difficult question for those who [illegible]

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answer. It is perhaps safe to say that thousands of families, who voted the bar out of existence, consider that they require liquor in their homes for medicinal purposes. They do not consider that a doctor's prescription is an adequate substitute for the provision allowing the importation of liquors. Prohibition as far as it has gone is a good thing. Already the evils of drink have been practically wiped out in Ontario

Current Events

Continued from page 84.

streets were spared in the Brouage quarter, where what was left of the population was herded. Here some 300 houses sheltered about half the inhabitants of the thirteen surrounding communes

"The German military authorities only left behind men over sixty; all males between fourteen and sixty were carried off. After abandoning the place, the enemy bombarded the only quarter of the town which they had left to our unfortunate fellow countrymen, training their guns on the seminary in the St. Charles quarter, where only the feeble and aged were housed, and on the Brouage quarter, where the women and children were huddled together."

Her Masterpiece

Continued from page 56

movements. Helena in the rear, impatience, expectation mingled with a sense of wonder in her heart as they struck deeper into the forest

Robert's cap was in his hand and his bushy black hair waved back from his forehead, a high color flomed in his cheeks, the magnet light danced in his eyes.

"I'd rather be the man who first forged this trail—the man who opened up this glorious country, than the man who, out of his millions has given libraries and museums to the metropolis," he exclaimed.

And Helena, submitting to his helping hand, as she mounted her horse, thrilled to the spirit of the man, unconsciously dominating his declaration.

Andrew assured them of a night's shelter in the home of a Norwegian family. But shortly before they reached the cabin, darkness fell. The ground uneven and slippery, grew treacherous and with fear in her heart, Helena guided her stumbling horse. But she would not cry out for the men ahead rode on without halting. Her cramped fingers no longer gripped the lines with firmness. She felt them slipping, slipping from her grasp. Then suddenly the horse, stumbling again, went down and Helena, the lines clutched in her frantic grasp, pitched to the ground.

Her sharp cry brought Robert and Andrew to a halt and springing from their horses, they ran back to her.

"Are you hurt, little woman, are you hurt ?" Robert cried out, tremulously, as he lifted her from the ground.

Andrew raised the fallen horse, soothing it with a quieting touch, his eyes full of anxiety, turned upon Helena.

"It is only my right wrist that is hurt," she explained, attempting to move it, "I'm sorry I've given you such a scare. And I'm afraid I can't guide the horse, the fingers pain so badly."

Anxiously, by the rays of the flash light, Robert examined the injured hand. "I fear it is badly sprained," he exclaimed ruefully, an unusual sternness in his face. "Have we far to go ?"

"Only a few feet further on, sir. I will run ahead and lead the horses, so that the folks will surely be ready," announced Andrew, grasping the lines of his own horse and calling to the others.

Robert's arm went around Helena, his grip supporting and half carrying her along the trail. She had not realized he was so strong. He was no longer the cavalier of the drawing room but in some peculiar manner seemed a part of the awe-inspiring forests.

A light streamed across the trail and the cabin, friendly and comforting, came in sight. Andrew and a young man came running to meet them.

"We're in luck, friends," Andrew called out. "Here's my brother Aleck—a sort of Pioneer doctor; just got his degree from medical. He'll fix up that hand in no time."

Helena glanced swiftly into the ruddy face of the young doctor. She caught the look of sympathy underlying his professional interest, as he guided her steps across the threshold of the cabin.

By the warmth of the fire, he examined the injured hand, his firm surgeon's touch imparting confidence.

"The wrist is badly sprained and there are several small bones in the fingers broken; but we will have them mended in a few days," he remarked confidently

"You will do your ablest, for that is the hand of an artist," urged Robert, huskily.

Robert, watching the skillful manner in which Dr. Aleck treated the injured hand, remarked quietly, "Some day, young man, you will star as a master surgeon in one of our Eastern cities."

Smiling, Dr. Aleck shook his head. "Not for me! the glory of pioneer work is my goal. I studied with that end in view. Always have I been impressed with the great need for medical science along the trail. There have been scourges and epidemics among our pioneer folks that need not have been if a physician had worked among them."

Pulling the big wooden chair near the fire, he persuaded Helena to rest there.

"I can safely assure you that within a short time you will not be troubled with even a stiffened joint," Dr. Aleck assured her with satisfaction.

"Thank God for the young trail doctor," she murmured.

Olga—the Norwegian woman—prepared a hot supper, while Dr. Aleck sat beside the sick man. In the evening they sat in a little group about the fire chatting as though they had known one another many days. Dr. Aleck's hand rested affectionately on Andrew's shoulder as he related his battle-field experiences and Helena, listening with the keen interest that held Robert captive, wondered when, in the history of her drawing room receptions, had she spent a more interesting hour.

Suddenly a call from the trail startled them. A musical, girlish voice was crying, "Hello—ye good people, awake!"

To be continued.

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Internationalism in North America

Continued from page 59

would be in that war would she not, and in it because of her connection with Britain? Thank God things did not go that way, and the world convulsion that might have shaken the two North American countries apart has acted in an exactly opposite direction. It has knitted us together as we have never been in all the past. Here is something [illegible] through two great stages in our international attitude. In the first, lasting roundly speaking, forty years, we were foes. In the second, continuing for more than a century, we were neighbors on good terms. And now we have come to a third stage, and are allies [illegible] ceased fighting, and now we fight together, our banners streaming side by side, our soldiers keeping step, our bugles blowing in accord the stirring strains of freedom. There are many by-products of the war already in sight by-products that give value to the awful struggle, and not the least precious and glorious of these by-products is this new blood-covenant made between the two great peoples of North America.

What the far future may contain for us it is impossible to say. What the near future offers we partly may compute. There are at least three assumptions that we have a good right to make.

The first is that the two peoples will retain their identity as political units. There is no serious thought on either side of the border of any radical change of a political character. One country is a constitutional monarchy, the other a republic, and no one is suggesting that there shall be amalgamation. Any discussion of this subject will be entirely academic and speculative. It might be put down as an item in the programme of a debating society, but it has no place in the counsels of practical men. So far as the immediate future is concerned the Stars and Stripes will wave on one side of the 49th Parallel and the Union Jack on the other side, while the charm of the situation will be that, wherever else these flags are planted, they will not be planted on trenches and [illegible]. Just here there is peculiar [illegible] in the words of the late Booker T. Washington, when speaking of the relations between the colored people and the white. "In all things that are purely political we can be as separate as the fingers; yet one has the hand in all things essential to human progress."

A second assumption is that there will be a growing friendliness and commonsense in the matter of trade. Once the political situation is frankly recognized the easier will it be to develop trade relations of a mutually profitable character. The failure of reciprocity negotiations in 1911 was due very largely to certain sinister political suggestions and implications. Because men were made to think that the inviolability of our flag was threatened, and that interchange of products might lead to national infidelity on our part the cry of danger was raised and the negotiations came to naught. They will no doubt be resumed when we have acquired an adequate [illegible] our own virtue, and lost suspicion of our neighbor's approaches. The present juncture is hastening on that happy time. The more we trust each other the more natural will it be to trade with each other.

The third assumption is that there will be a stronger purpose on the part of the two peoples to understand each other and to discover what they have in

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common. We are quick to learn what we wish to learn. Our intellect travels fast when spurred on by generous emotions. Just now such emotions are stirred. Recent events have opened the hearts of the allied nations to one another as never before, and out of this heart opening is springing an eagerness to know and understand. France is better known to Britain and Britain better known to Russia, because of their comradeship in a great cause. And shall not we, Canada and the United States, living as we do side by side and having a common speech find in that same great cause an inspiration to a larger, a richer interchange of knowledge and ideas? Mr. Ian Hay in his valuable little book, "Getting Together" has broached the somewhat startling idea that a common language may minister to strife rather than to peace. Two women in adjoining backyards may revile each other to their heart's content without any serious consequences if one is English and the other Russian, whereas if both spoke the same language every abusive word would sting like an adder. This is true when enmity is the order of the day, but not when friendliness is the note. In the latter case the common speech is a deepener of friendship, an added guarantee of peace. So should it be and so will it be on this continent. The language which Shakespeare spake and Milton, and Washington, and Lincoln, will be the conveyer not of prejudice and abuse but of fuller knowledge, of mutual enlightenment, and of an ever-expanding fellowship.

To sum it all up, there are three positions that the two North American peoples are called upon to take for granted.

The first is that they are politically separate. If we use to Great Britain the words of Kipling:

"Daughter in our mother's house
And mistress in our own."

We may paraphrase the words and say to the United States:

"Sister in our sister's house
And mistress in our own."

The second is that in matters of trade we shall have the open mind towards every exchange of products which shall be to the real mutual advantage of the two countries.

The third is that we shall constantly endeavor to understand each other, to discover the things we have in common whether in the solution of the present problems of democracy, or in the rich heritance of struggle victory, and wisdom into which we have entered. More than half a century ago Whittier the New England Quaker sent this message to Englishmen:

"'Thicker than water' is one rill
Through centuries of story
Our Saxon blood has flowed, and still
We share with you its good and ill,
The shadow and the glory.

"Joint heirs and kinsfolk, leagues of wave
Nor length of years can part us:
Your right is ours to shrine and grave,
The common freehold of the brave,
The gifts of saints and martyrs.

"Our very sins and follies teach
Our kindred frail and human;
We carp at faults with bitter speech,
The while, for one unshared by each,
We have a score in common."

This call of the blood, or better still, this call of the spirit, was never more in place than to-day and should make its echoes ring from the blue waters of the Hudson's Bay to the shores of the Gulf of Mexico.

Mother Alberta on The Job

Continued from page 82.

father had been sentenced to two month's imprisonment, and the children had been left alone.

The Mounted Police had reported the case, and the Provincial Probation Officer, Miss Jennie Robinson, with an escort from the Mounted Police, had gone out and rescued them. This had necessitated a long trip by train, and then a drive of seventy miles on trails almost impassable. But the Provincial Probation Officer is well used to this kind of thing, and doesn't think it matters so long as some child is getting her rightful chance in life.

The younger child was somewhat timid when called on to tell her story, but Her Worship called the child to her, and with a pair of motherly arms around her, the child gained confidence. On the evidence of the Probation Officer supplemented by the story of the children, Her Worship saw fit to make the children the wards of the Government.

The next was a case for "His Worship." It was that of a delinquent boy, charged with assault on a much younger boy. Inquiry showed that it was not a first offence, that the interior of the Juvenile Court was well-known to him. To use the Judge's well-turned phrase, this child had already travelled far on the road of "consummate cheek," if on no worse road. The reprimand which the boy received seemed likely to awaken him to a sense of the advisability of choosing another road on which to travel in the future.

The decision in this case was that of

"suspended sentence," and the boy was placed on probation. At a stated hour each week he was commanded to report to a Probation Officer. A card was given to him which must be filled out by the parent and the school-teacher, and presented to the Probation Officer each week.

Another case followed, of a boy of sixteen and his younger brother, a lad of twelve, who had coaxed two much younger boys to leave home and join them in a long tramp across country. Alarm at their disappearance had resulted in the Mounted Police being called into service to discover their whereabouts, and the whole male population of the district had been organized into search parties. After the boys had had an adventurous trip of some seventy miles, they were located by the Mounted Police. During the journey they had broken into a shack and stolen provisions,which they had made up in packs, and taken with them. The report of the Police and of an Inspector of the Department, who had gone out to investigate home conditions, was to the effect that the boys had been not only neglected, but abused, by the parents, and were scarcely to be blamed for becoming vagrants

His Worship questioned the older boy in kindly tones, and wiping away the slow tears with the back of his hand, the child admitted his misde-

"And now," said His Worship, in his quiet, kindly way, "I'm going to send you to the Industrial School. It is a good school, and if you do your part there's no reason why you'll not be Lord Mayor of Edmonton yet. Are you going to do your best ?"

And when the lad had given his promise, His Worship dismissed him.

"I guess I had better send you back to your father," His Worship said to the younger boy. "You want to go back, I'm sure."

"No, I don't."

There was alarm in his tones.

"You don't want to go back to your father ? Why, my son ?"

"Well, he licks me."

"But my father used to lick me, and it did me good."

"Yes, but my father licks me when I don't need it."

"Of course," His Worship acquiesced, "we never think we need it. What then do you want me to do with you ?"

"Just whatever you like, only don't send me back to my father."

"I wonder whether I'd better send you to school with your brother ?"

"You bet your boots."

The child's voice, high with excitement, broke in a sob.

"Come here, my son," and His Worship put his arms around the child. "I'm not going to bet my boots, for I

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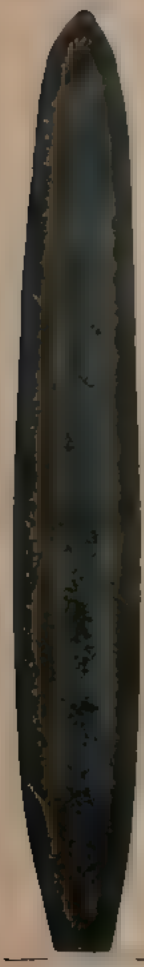

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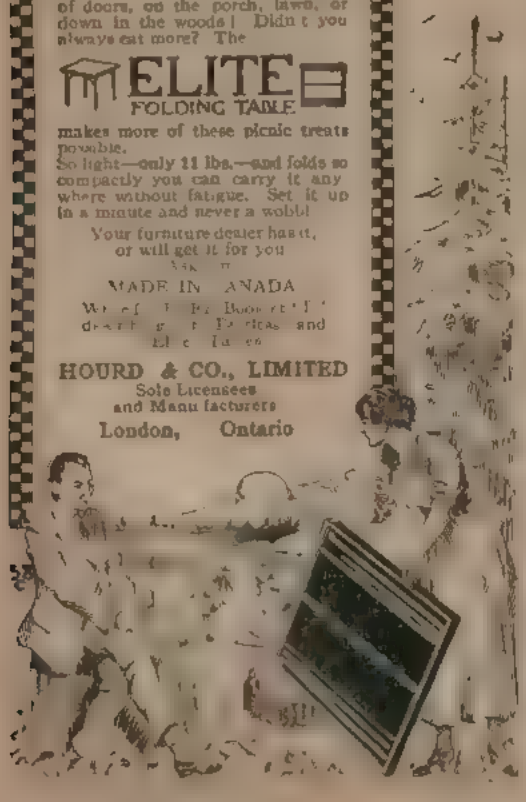

don't want to lose them, but I'm going to send you to school with your brother. And now will you promise to do your best?"

And after promising he took his seat beside his brother, and it was evident that there was intense satisfaction in the heart of both that they were not to be separated.

Once on a time we learned a text, and at the time it was meaningless to us. "When thy father and thy mother forsake thee, then will the Lord take thee up." Here was a place where the first part of the text seemed applicable. And surely the case of these children had been taken up, and the Lord is fulfilling His promise through the Government. We are glad that we remembered that text just now.

The court closed, and the men were soon gone. But the Woman Probation Officers and Her Worship still lingered to sympathize and council with the mothers, whose daughters had just been removed from their care. The girls, seeming at last to have awakened to the seriousness of the situation, are in tears.

It is a sorry little company that makes its way down a side street to the point where, for the first time, the home paths of these mothers and daughters divide.

It is a matter of the greatest satisfaction that Mrs. Arthur Murphy, as Magistrate, will deal with the women cases in the courts of Edmonton. The immoral woman is the cause of the downfall of most of the young girls who come before the Juvenile Courts. Surely the women should be allowed to deal with the contributing cause if they have to take the responsibility for results.

Soldier Girl

Continued from page 79

times, I'm just the same old harum-scarum whom you've always known,—except" and a puzzled expression crossed his boyish face, "except for an odd experience I had before the Red Cross bearers picked me up. I knew I'd been hard hit—dangerously so it seemed—and was preparing to bear the pain and endure the end as the sort of chap my mother and sweetheart believe me to be; in fact I was fumbling for your bit of ribbon to kiss for comfort, when a wonderful mantle of peace descended upon me, deadening the sharpness of my hurts, and blotting out all remembrance of the horrors strewn about me. Was I dying or dead or not wounded at all? the question kept asking itself. Anyway there I lay quite happily, thinking of God and of you, until the searchers found me, thirty-six hours later."

"Yes dear," came the quick rejoinder, "and *I* was thinking of God and of *you*, knowing He is in his heaven and nothing could happen to my love. Somehow this consciousness, afterwards to be understood, entered the night as softly as the stars."

They were married in a quaint old English chapel, some ten days from the date of his release and their guests were eight convalescent cripples and three war-weary nurses. As they sped gaily boatward, their thoughts were of Canada and of their future home, Bob turned to his bride inquiringly,

"By the way, Rae, how's Terry?"

The girl smiled reminiscently. "Terry's all right; and I'm sure, Bob, the little rascal saved your life."

"Saved my life!"

"Yes; he roused me out of a sound sleep one chilly night to pray for you. I know that's why, 'cause I couldn't get to sleep again, and I have since discovered it was during your hour of trial."

"I said you were the real fighter—remember, soldier girl?"

When Old Lights Flicker

Continued from page 61.

Presently a dashing streamlet gurgled a merry greeting and old Jimmy knew he had reached his western boundary. He looked over a wide expanse of green meadow, well wooded with willow clumps and cottonwoods.

"It's mine!" he exclaimed in childish glee. "A farm o' my own! What I been wantin' for five an' forty years. My good gosh!"

"Here's where I'll build my cabin," he went on, selecting a slight elevation. "An' down there by the creek 'll be the barn—easy to water the stock an' all."

He paced eastward, counting his steps.

"An' here's where I'll plow up an' put in a field o' wheat. Yessir, I could for a fact, this very spring, an' make a pot o' money this fall."

Three hundred additional paces brought him to the dense bush that had frightened away previous land-seekers.

"Fine for firewood," he exclaimed. "There's plenty of good land leavin' that out."

"An' here's where I could pasture

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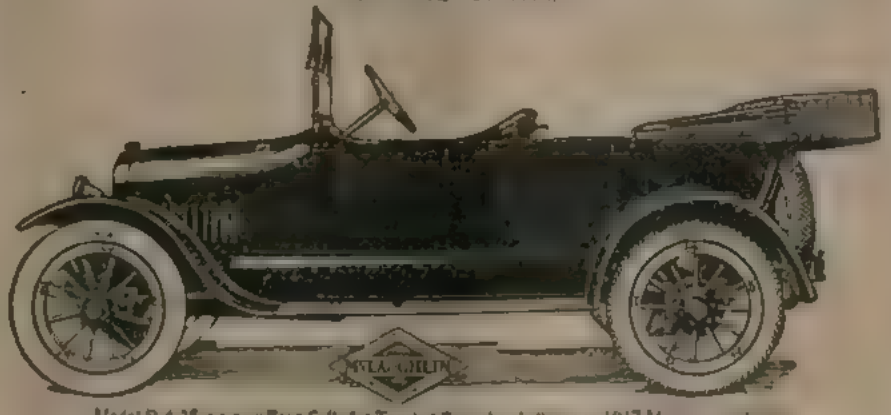

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the cows," he planned, facing south. "An' then next year when I get goin' good I could put in a crop of oats. An' to think the government gives such land away for nothing!"

He made the circuit of his acreage, coming back to the stream.

The sun still rode high in the heavens. The balmy air retained it's mid-day warmth. Little birds preened their plumage and went chirruping about their small business. A busy squirrel chattered a reproof at old Jimmy.

"He's makin' fun o' me 'cause I ain't workin'," muttered the pioneer. "An' why shouldn't I be doing something? I could be clearin' some o' my land."

He set to work with a vim and for ten minutes the chips flew. Then he sat down to rest.

"Phew!" he exclaimed. "That's hard work."

He looked at his scarcely perceptible clearing and for the first time a shadow of doubt flicked over his consciousness.

"T won't do—settin' here soft an' easy when there's work to be done."

Again the axe bit into the tough little trees and brush—vigorously at first and then more and more feebly. In a few minutes he again paused to view his clearing. Reluctantly he admitted that it was scarcely noticeable and after the trees were cut down the land would have to be plowed and harrowed and seeded. Quite a job in all.

He went to work again. And as he worked he thought of the words spoken by every one he had met that day. Too old. Could it be possible—My God! *was* he too old?

Resolutely he banished the thought, plying his axe more vigorously. Then he realized that his feeble blows were doing scarcely any execution. He viewed his tiny clearing—and the vast expanse that was not cleared—and a little chill quivered in his heart like an ice-pointed arrow.

"Pretty hard work this chopping. I'll just pile up what I chopped an' burn it. It's got to be burned some time."

He burned brush for a while and then he picked up his axe, knowing full well that he should be burning and chopping at the same time. He swung feebly at a tree and the effort sent a strange feeling shooting through him.

"It's time to quit," he muttered, but, looking up at the high sun, he knew he was merely excusing himself.

After a while he made tea and ate a frugal supper.

Evening came, cold and clammy, chilling old Jimmy's body as a terrible doubt chilled his soul. The project that had appeared so feasible in the hot sunshine began to assume vast and awsome proportions as darkness advanced. There would have to be

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J. DESBARATS
Deputy Minister of the Naval Service.

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teams for plowing and machinery for seeding—help and harness and seed and feed—and where was the money to buy them? Yes, he had heard of hundreds of homesteaders starting with nothing and making good—but could he?

Then a black night shut down on the landscape, sucking up old Jimmy's hope as a vampire sucks blood. He shivered in his blanket beside the glowing embers of his futile little clearing-fire, striving to fight off the dread realization.

A cold, greenish moon peeped from behind a frowning cloud and glared pitilessly down on the anguished old man. A sombre owl came out and hooted. "Too old, too old," it seemed to intone.

A melancholy night breeze swept a decrepit pine tree to a dolorous sighing, as though it, too, moaned for its vanished youth and sympathized with a fellow unfortunate. And yet, it, too, seemed to articulate

"Too old, too old!"

And then, of a sudden, old Jimmy gave utterance to an agonized little moan and broke down, sobbing like a child, as he acknowledged the inevitable

And then the old man was transported through the long years back to Elysium, back to the trim little Eastern farm of his boyhood. Again Jimmy went about his small chores, carefree and happy. And it came to him why he wished to locate another wheat field in such and such a place, and his pasture beyond the wheat field. Unconsciously he had been planning a duplicate of the old homestead, the homestead that had become his when—ah! he had lived then. How he had worked from sun-up till sun-down, glorying in his strength, unsparing in his efforts to make HER comfortable and happy. Dear Mary!

And then, as though a cinematograph was being unreeled in the glowing embers before him, he could see himself making that never-to-be-forgotten journey to town. Again he could feel his wife's warm kisses as he promised to fetch the flimsy little fabrics that, she whispered, would soon be needed. How lightheartedly he had set out and how joyously he was returning when, first the ruddy glow and then the fiery tongues flaming into the black night, had shrieked disaster. And then as he speeded to the rescue behind the furious clatter of his horse's hoofs, the figure at the window upstairs, the arm swung up like a semaphore, silhouetted against the raging furnace behind—and, after that, the long lonesome journey down the empty years, the eternal striving for forgetfulness.

A disturbing breeze disarranged the glowing picture. A live ember scuttled

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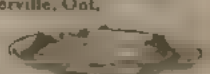

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off like a little red bug and, Merciful Heavens! the tragedy of fifty years ago was being enacted again before his very eyes! The same fiery tongues swirling into the black night, the same terrible red glare over everything——

"I'm coming, Mary. I'm coming!" the old man cried, rising and tottering toward the raging flames. And then he stumbled—and fell.

A settler found the recumbent form next morning. A short distance away a steadily burning flame showed where [illegible] seepage of petroleum.

Gently he straightened the [illegible] worn clothes on the shrunken [illegible] and closed the faded old blue eyes.

Old Jimmy had died on his [illegible] stead.

The Vow of Silence

Continued from page 72

So did Mr. Skittles. It was only the sudden weakness of his knees that prevented him taking refuge in ignominious flight. But the incident, tragic though it was, was of too personal a nature to interfere permanently with the success of the evening. After a brief pause the bidding proceeded briskly, and soon the fun was once more at high tide.

But the light had failed for Mr. Skittles. He twisted his legs nervously about the legs of the chair, apparently seeking to gain strength therefrom, as he cast panic-stricken glances in every direction. Presently his eyes fell on the pie still clasped in his hands. A new question presented itself, a question of such overwhelming significance that it caused him to groan in spirit. Should he eat the pie? Years of experience had taught him that no greater insult could be offered his worthier half than to fail to appreciate her cookery. With this past knowledge he felt it incumbent upon him to eat the pie, though his spirit was crushed and his appetite languid. So ardently did he desire to ingratiate himself with Mrs. Skittles and to prove his utter contrition for having broken in upon her evening's pleasure, that he ate slice after slice with heroic fortitude. Fortunately Eddie Jo and Jinnie came to his assistance, and by the end of the evening the truth of the maxim that "the proof of a pudding is in the eating," had been amply verified, and Mrs. Skittles could find no ground for complaint.

But, the first link in the chain of disaster having been forged, others followed swiftly. On the homeward march Eddie Jo was taken violently ill. Mr. Skittles carried him nearly to the clearing, when he was seized with an indisposition himself. Mrs. Skittles, overtaking them, ordered a halt. She glanced at the other children shrewdly.

"Well," she said, shortly, "Rhoda Ray, I s'pose you've got the backache, and Bud the headache, and somebody else the toothache! A person would think it was Sunday morning!"

The children stoutly disclaimed these ailments, all except Jinnie and Eddie Jo—they pleaded guilty to them. Mrs. Skittles, never one to [illegible] ailments, took the limp and dejected Jinnie by the hand and, leaving Mr. Skittles to bring the little boy, hurried on to the cabin.

Mr. Skittles, a few moments later, obediently deposited his burden on the doorstep and started away. To his surprise his knees began to wobble, and before he knew it he, too, was [illegible] on Mrs. Skittle's front steps. The worthy person, bustling about within, was becoming seriously alarmed. Jinnie. The child was alternately [illegible] tween paroxysms of pain and [illegible] arouse her.

"Git the mustard, quick!" her mother to Rhoda Ray, who had just climbed over the prostrate forms in the doorway.

Rhoda Ray, with an unsuccessful effort to collect her chronically scattered wits, took a tin can from the end of the shelf.

"This here is the allspice!" dered Mrs. Skittles; "ain't [illegible] smelled the can suspiciously. "It ain't spice at all!"

It's mustard," [illegible] feebly.

"It ain't!" cried Mrs. Skittles in piercing tones; "it's insect powder, and I put it in the pie!"

A scene of utter confusion followed, with Eddie Jo voicing his anguish in piercing screams, and poor [illegible] limp and unconscious on [illegible]

"She's gittin' worser all the time!" cried Mrs. Skittles, rubbing the child's hands and arms and trying in vain to rouse her. "Somebody go fer the doctor, quick! But she'll die afo[illegible] he gets here. It's a half hour to [illegible] there and a half hour back. Lord [illegible] me! Lord help me, what must I do?"

As if in answer to her prayer an apparition appeared in the doorway. Mr. Skittles, white of cheek and wild of eye, holding feebly to the casement, addressed the company:

"I'll git her to the doctor," he said, earnestly; "git her wrapped up, an' I'll take her."

He vanished from the doorway only to appear a moment later with the guaranteed patent combination easy chair and wheelbarrow. Mrs. Skittles stopped not to question; she knew too well the immediate need for a doctor. She laid the heavy, unconscious child in the wheelbarrow, roughly pushing aside the unsteady hands that tried to help her. Then with an anxious shake of the head, and never a glance at the blanched face opposite, she hastened back to attend to the less desperate case within.

Mr. Skittles, gathering up his load, started bravely forth into the night. The deathly nausea that had overcome him gave place to excruciating pain, but he pushed forward with straining muscles and anxious eyes. The narrow path down the mountainside ascended abruptly at times; the thick trees overhead shut out the starlight, and underfoot a tangle of grasses and vines caught his feet as he hurried along. Beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead, and his hands and feet grew numb. Presently he sank to his knees, then to the ground.

"Jinnie!" he called, piteously; "Jinnie! yer ain't dead yit, air ye? Yer pa's tryin' to git you there. Jinnie! Don't you hear me?" His weak, inefficient hands fumbled about until they found hers, then he staggered to his feet. "My God, she's a-gitting cold!" he cried, as he stumbled forward again.

The trees seemed to be dancing around him in a great circle that would not let him through, the lights in the village moved farther and farther away as he approached. When he reached the turnpike he fell again, his face in the dust and his hands clutching at the rocks. For a while he lay so, then the pain made him remember.

"O God!" he prayed, "don't pay me no mind, but jest help me git Jinnie to the doctor's." He stumbled to his feet, but he could not move his burden. In despair he sank upon his knees and burst into violent weeping.

"Poor little gal!" he cried, his trembling arms across the child; "pa's tryin' to help you, but he never could help nobody. He never was no good but he'll try ag'in—he'll try—" Pitching and lurching he staggered forward: sight and hearing left him; one thought only remained.

At the doctor's door the strange equipage halted. Mr. Skittles began his story, but he never finished it.

At daybreak, when Mrs. Skittles hurried to the village, she found Jinnie out of danger, but lying in the doctor's darkened office was the silent form of Mr. Skittles. For hours she bent over him, desperately striving with the doctor to bring back consciousness. Her husband, hovering on the borderland

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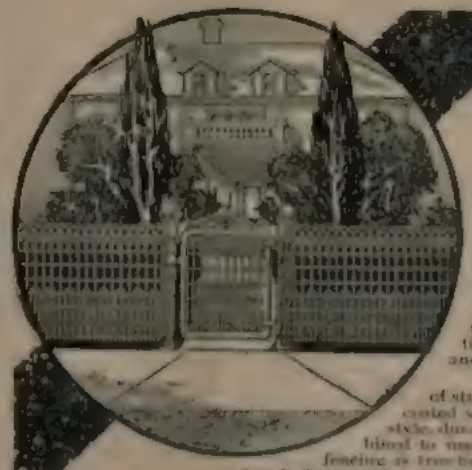

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of Eternity assumed a strange dignity and importance.

At noon he stirred. "Jenk," she said in her most commanding tone, "speak to me this minute!"

And Jenk spoke.

Gregory Morton Mystery

Continued from page 76.

at my elbow, watching the operation with eager curiosity. When I had finished there was traced on the wall a perfect circle, about four inches in diameter; whereupon I turned to Virginia and smiled.

"Did you ever notice what small stove-pipes they always use in France?" said I.

Without further explanation, I followed the traced circle with my penknife, cutting in deep and encountering but little resistance.

"Now," said I, "another question. Did you ever see a man draw a cork out of a bottle with two knife blades?"

I went over to the table and took two of the steel knives which the waiter had superfluously brought in with our breakfast. I cautiously inserted them at opposite sides of the circle.

The next moment, with a little coaxing, I succeeded in drawing out the wooden block which had been driven into the orifice left by the disused stove-pipe. The effect of that simple little act was startling to both of us.

For the words, which before had been mere murmurs, came to our ears as distinctly as though the men who uttered them had been sitting in the room with us. And the men were "Morton" and Duggleby! It was Duggleby who was speaking.

"There comes your waiter now," said he. "And, for Heaven's sake, whatever he says, or however he looks, don't make any more explanations of how we were in Chartres last night, and couldn't possibly have been in Tours; and, therefore, could have no connection with the outrage which he no doubt will tell us about. For a person who calls himself an adventurer, and is supposed to live by his wits, you make an extraordinary number of blunders. I wish I could talk French."

"Ask him," said Duggleby, "if he has any more guests tucked away in this hovel of an inn."

Morton repeated the question in French, phrasing it somewhat more tactfully.

"Ah, but yes," said the waiter. "There are a young gentleman and two foreigners, a beautiful young American girl, and an old man, her father."

There was a moment of electrical silence after this reply. Then Duggleby began speaking swift and low in English.

"If it is the people we want, they are here without luggage. We can be sure of that, at any rate. Ask him if they are going to stay long."

Morton, trying to command a tone of unconcern, asked the question. From my place at the smoke-hole I felt I could almost see the shrug which must have accompanied the waiter's next words:

"Who can tell, *monsieur*? They arrived without luggage, but the old man is ill. He may even die, which Heaven forbid, for that is the unluckiest thing that can happen to an inn. But who knows?"

"Tell him," said Duggleby, "to be off and fetch breakfast, and not to stand here gossiping."

And then, after the door had closed, I heard the murmur of almost silent laughter. It was ended by a knock on the door. Evidently the interruption was unexpected.

"Who the deuce can that be?" said Morton. "The waiter can't be back already."

"Call to him to come in," said Duggleby impatiently. "Are you too much of a coward to play your part like a man?"

Morton obeyed, and the next moment showed that his fears had been groundless.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" he said. "What do you want?"

It was a strange voice which replied, the chauffeur's evidently, for he said:

"Well, I have got the car in trim again, and it was no light job either, after the wild night we gave it last night. But it is as good as ever now."

The man was speaking in French, of course, and Morton had to translate it to Duggleby.

"Go out and curl up in the tonneau and go to sleep," were Duggleby's instructions.

The man went away, and very soon afterward the waiter appeared with breakfast.

"Now," said Duggleby, "stop fidgeting around and eat your breakfast, and then follow my example and go to sleep. We shall be busy to-night, but we have the day before us."

I took up my wooden plug and carefully reinserted it in the wall.

"Well," said I to Virginia, "if they have the day before them, so have we."

"Yes," she said unsteadily, "we have the day; but the night—what will that bring, *monsieur*?"

To that question I had no answer.

CHAPTER XXII.

WHAT THE NIGHT BROUGHT.

AT that moment I turned and saw the doctor sitting up on the couch. A faint voice from a further room caught Virginia's attention, and she went instantly to her father's bedside, the doctor following her. In a very few minutes he came back to me:

"It is better than we could have hoped," said he; "much better. A few days of perfect quiet will put him on his feet again."

I smiled somewhat ruefully at that. The prospect of a few days of perfect quiet seemed to me rather remote.

"You have been finding out things while I was asleep," said he, instantly divining the meaning of my look.

As quickly as I could I told him the story. Evidently the situation struck him as seriously as it had me, for he made no comment at all until some minutes after I had finished.

"After all," he said at length, "the balance of the advantage seems to lie with us, though it is not as decisive as I could wish. They know we're here, and we know they're here, but while we know all that they know, they still believe us to be in ignorance. That's our advantage, and it's the advantage we must keep at all costs."

"If it were not for Mr. Heatherfield's condition," I began, and saw that he comprehended that difficulty fully.

"Well," said he, "we have the day before us at any rate. When Mr. Heatherfield drops off asleep again, as I think he will before long, we will summon Miss Virginia and hold a council of war."

That opportunity did not come as soon as we expected it. It was not until after our luncheon had been served and cleared away that Virginia came out of her father's room, with the whispered information that he had dropped asleep.

"Well," said the doctor. "It is high time that we made up our minds as to what sort of preparation we will make for the reception of our friend the enemy. I suppose each of us has some plan. Miss Virginia, will you tell us yours?"

"It's a very cowardly plan, I'm afraid," she said. "It is nothing more nor less than to run away. They are asleep down there, counting on father's illness to keep us here. But he is so much better."

The doctor shook his head:

"Not so much better as all that, my dear. At the first hint of danger or excitement all appearance of almost normal health would vanish very quickly."

"But there will be a hint of danger and excitement to-night," she protested.

"I know," he said. "We will consider that when we come to it. I am sorry that, as your medical adviser, I must veto that plan absolutely. What have you to say, M. Barras?"

"Well," I answered, "my plan is

Soak 1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine in 1 cup cold water 5 minutes and dissolve in 2 cups boiling water. Add ¾ cup sugar and stir until dissolved. Then add ½ cup lemon juice. Strain into molds first dipped in cold water and chill. Add dates, nuts, berries, oranges, bananas, fresh fruit — or canned fruit.

If fruit is added to the jelly it may be served as a salad on crisp lettuce leaves, accompanying with mayonnaise or any salad dressing.

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Add sugar and cream. This is all done in a minute.

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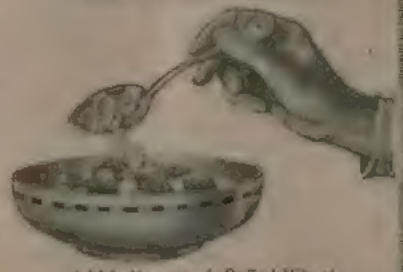
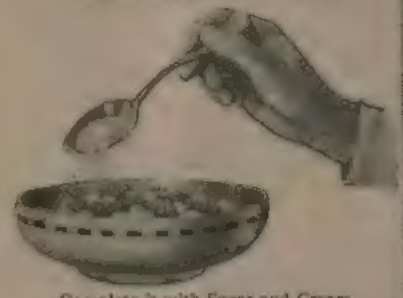


Add half as much Puffed Wheat



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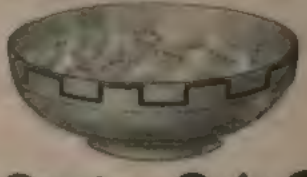
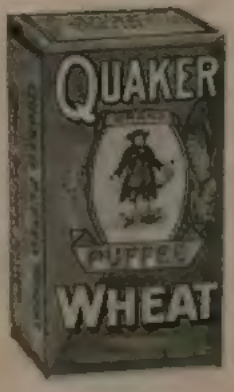
So they are hygienic foods. They are whole grain foods. And for most delightful dishes that ever went in milk. Serve them often in place of foods which do not meet these standards. Keep both kinds on hand.





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(1597)

cowardly, too, I am afraid. My suggestion is that we call the police."

The doctor smiled.

"I think I must be the youngest member of this party," said he. "I will confess that that apparently simple solution did not occur to me. It seems to offer some promise. Proceed to develop it, *monsieur*."

"Well," I continued, "the case against them for the robbery at the Tours station is curiously complete. They wore no mask and the old woman will undoubtedly be able to identify them at once. This adventurer who calls himself Morton will never dare invoke the protection of that name here, for we are in the one spot in France where that imposture could be exposed instantly.

"If we needed any more proof, Duggleby's wounded hand would furnish it. Furthermore, we ourselves can testify to the motive for the crime."

"Of course," commented the doctor, "once we had them safely under lock and key, our own difficulties would be immensely simplified. Yes, it is a very good plan, *monsieur*. I make you my compliments. But I am afraid it is too good to be true."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Well," he said, "the first step of your plan involves calling the police, and that, I fear, is precisely the same sort of enterprise as the estimable one of the mice to bell the cat. How do you propose that the police shall be called?"

That had not occurred to me as a difficulty, and for a moment I had no answer to make.

"I can see," said I finally, "that such an appeal would have to be made to Tours, and not to the local authority here at Mettray, if they have such a thing as a *gendarme* here. He would probably try to make the arrest himself, and his efforts would be mere child's play against those three determined men down-stairs."

"Presicely," said the doctor. "And now, about getting word to Tours. That will involve either going in person or sending a note. Do you suppose, for one moment, that they are so sound asleep down-stairs that the departure of any one of us from this inn could pass unremarked?

"We could not send Miss Virginia. She can neither leave her father; nor is her French, if she will allow me to say so, adequate to explain the situation to the prefect at Tours.

"Suppose, on the other hand, that either one of us"—he was looking at me now—"sets out on such an errand. The men down-stairs would see him go, and M. Duggleby, unless his faculties have undergone a serious deterioration, will be able at least to surmise what our object is.